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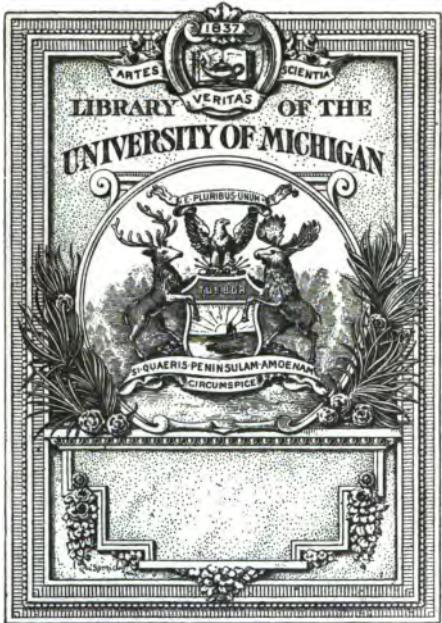
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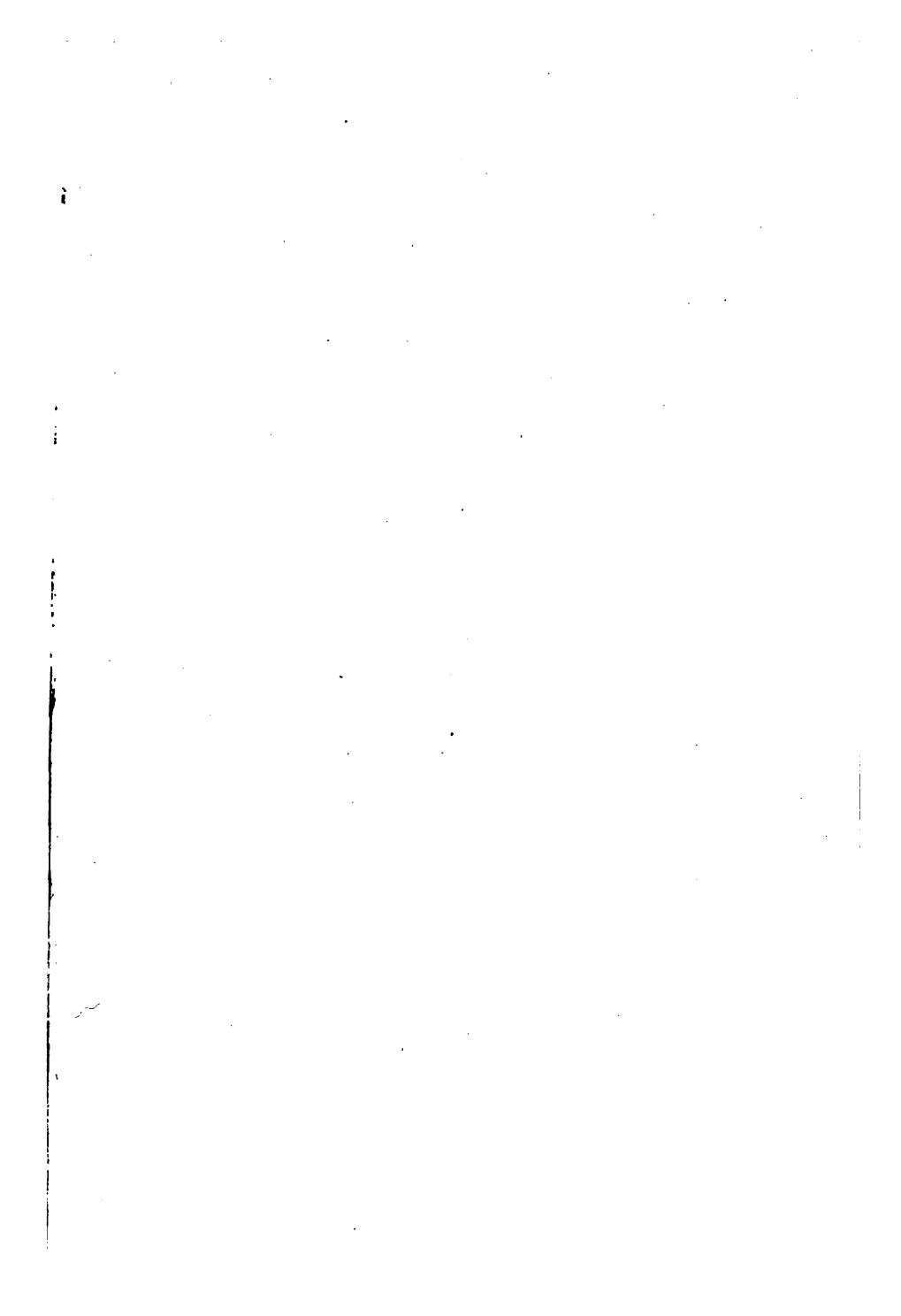
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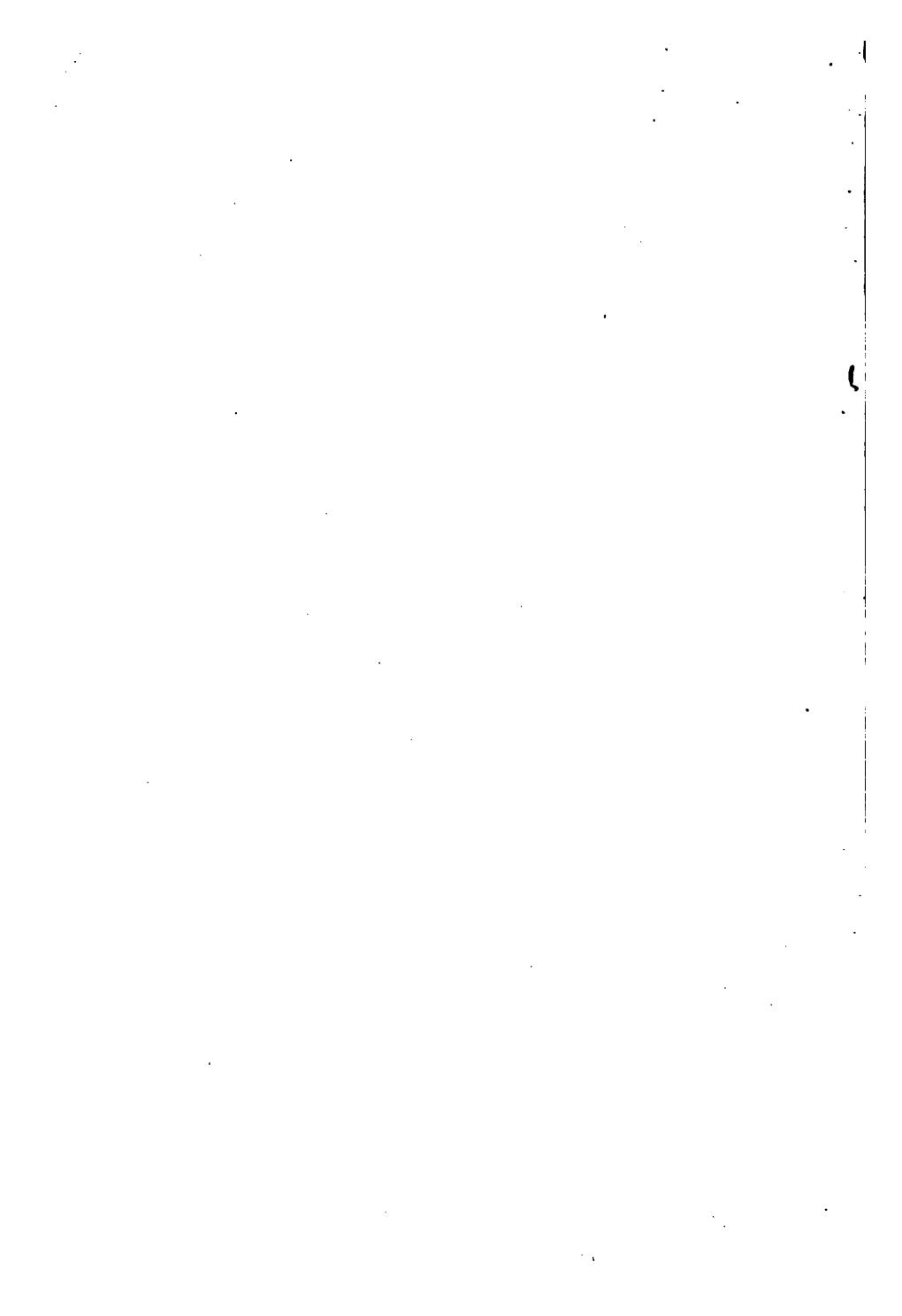
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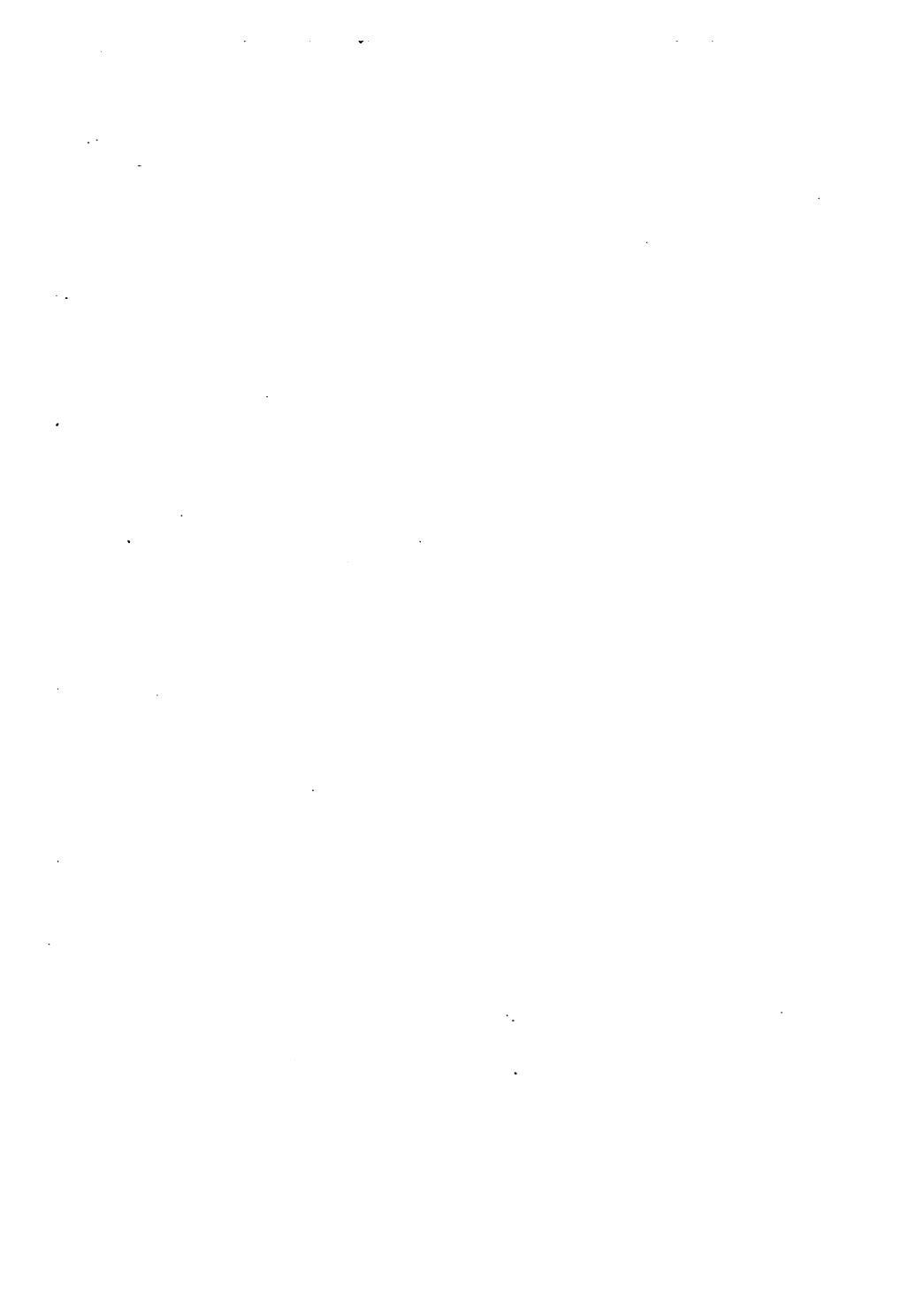






THE INDIAN PRINCESS







ADDISON WOODARD STUBBS

THE INDIAN PRINCESS
ME-NUNG-GAH
AND OTHER POEMS

Addison Woodard Stubbs



RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
BOSTON

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The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

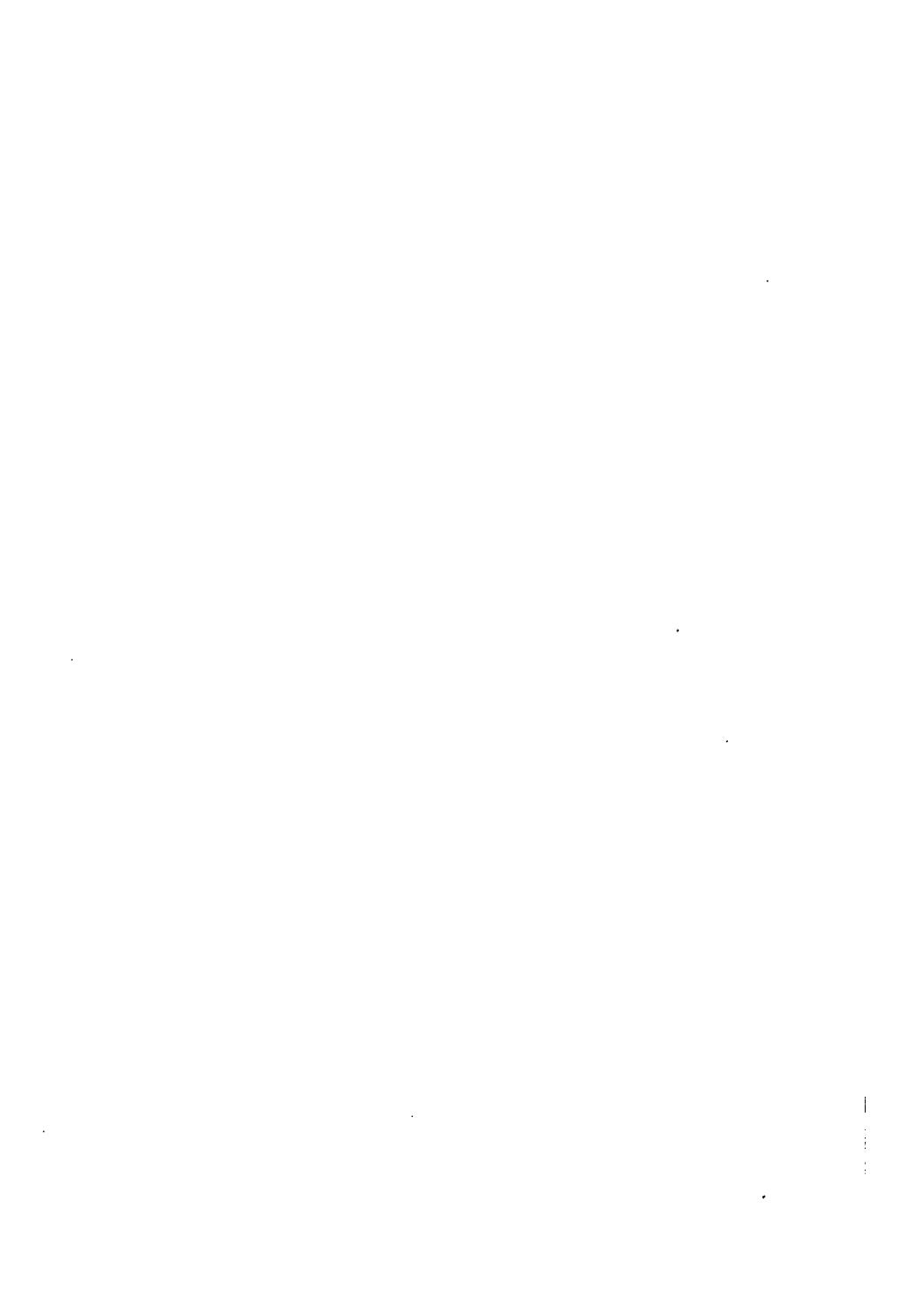
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DEDICATION

To the memory of Hon. Eugene F. Ware, the beloved Kansas poet who, a few days before his death, wrote suggesting; "Some of these days you must publish a book," and to the many other friends who have suggested the same thought, this volume is respectfully dedicated with the love of the

AUTHOR

251697



AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THIE human race, as if by instinct, divides into two classes or factions. In politics there are Republicans and Democrats, Stand-patters and Progressives; in the church, progressives and conservatives, in the city, one class who believe in public improvements, another who would allow things to drift along in the good old way.

The American Indian is no exception to this general rule. In every tribe may be found the Stand-patters and Progressives. The former stand by the old tribal traditions handed down from father to son and are loath to change habits and customs. They cling with tenacity to ancient modes of dress and living and though they may, from compulsion, learn the English language, they speak it with reluctance. The Progressives try to adopt the white man's ways and are proud to be able to speak his language.

In the story of the Indian Princess, the writer attempts to portray some of the characteristics of the two Indian factions and to picture some of the reasons why the original great tribes have become segregated into smaller bands or tribes. The fact that the Kon-za or Kansas Indians, the Osages or Wah-shah-shas; the Pon-cas, Quaw-paws and some others speak substantially the same language, would seem to be proof positive that they were all originally one great nation.

The average Indian takes to whisky as a duck takes to water and the introduction of liquor by the whites has been one of the most potent causes of trouble between the two races, as well as among the Indians themselves.

To this extent, at least, the story of Me-nung-gah is founded on facts and throughout, an attempt is made to portray this remarkable people as they impressed themselves upon the author during his childhood and young manhood when he attended school with Indian children as classmates and playmates and was for some time employed as the official U. S. Interpreter.

Hearing often from their own lips the stories of their trials and hardships; of their broken treaties; of swindles perpetrated in obtaining title to their lands; of traders who obtained their meagre revenues by selling them inferior goods at fabulous prices. All of these things created a lasting impression on the mind and if those who read this simple story shall reach the conclusion that, after all, the Indian has been sinned against as well as being somewhat of a sinner himself and that might does not necessarily make right, the purpose of its writing will have been attained.

The miscellaneous poems, most of which are here presented to the public for the first time, are not the result of studied thought, but simply the ebullitions of a somewhat poetic nature, and have been written at odd times during a busy life. The writer has always believed there were more lovers of poetry than current prose writers would have us believe, and it is gratifying to note that organizations are being formed and periodicals established, even in this age of commercialism, to promote the production of good poetry and for the encouragement of those who are poetically inclined.

We bespeak for the work, as a whole, the reception to which its merits may entitle it, with the consciousness that we have at least helped to make true the saying of one of old, "Of the making of books there is no end."

ADDISON WOODARD STUBBS.

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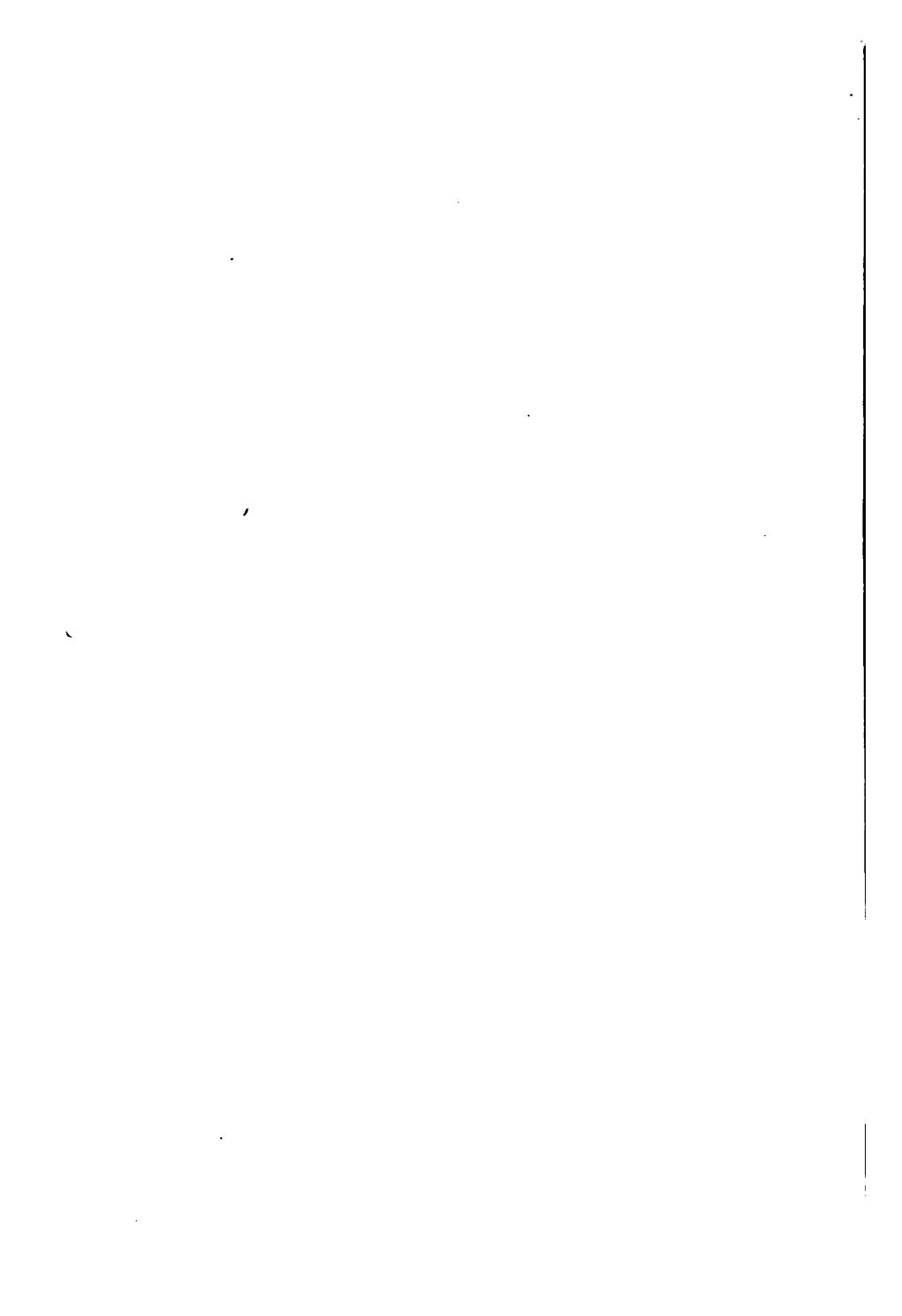
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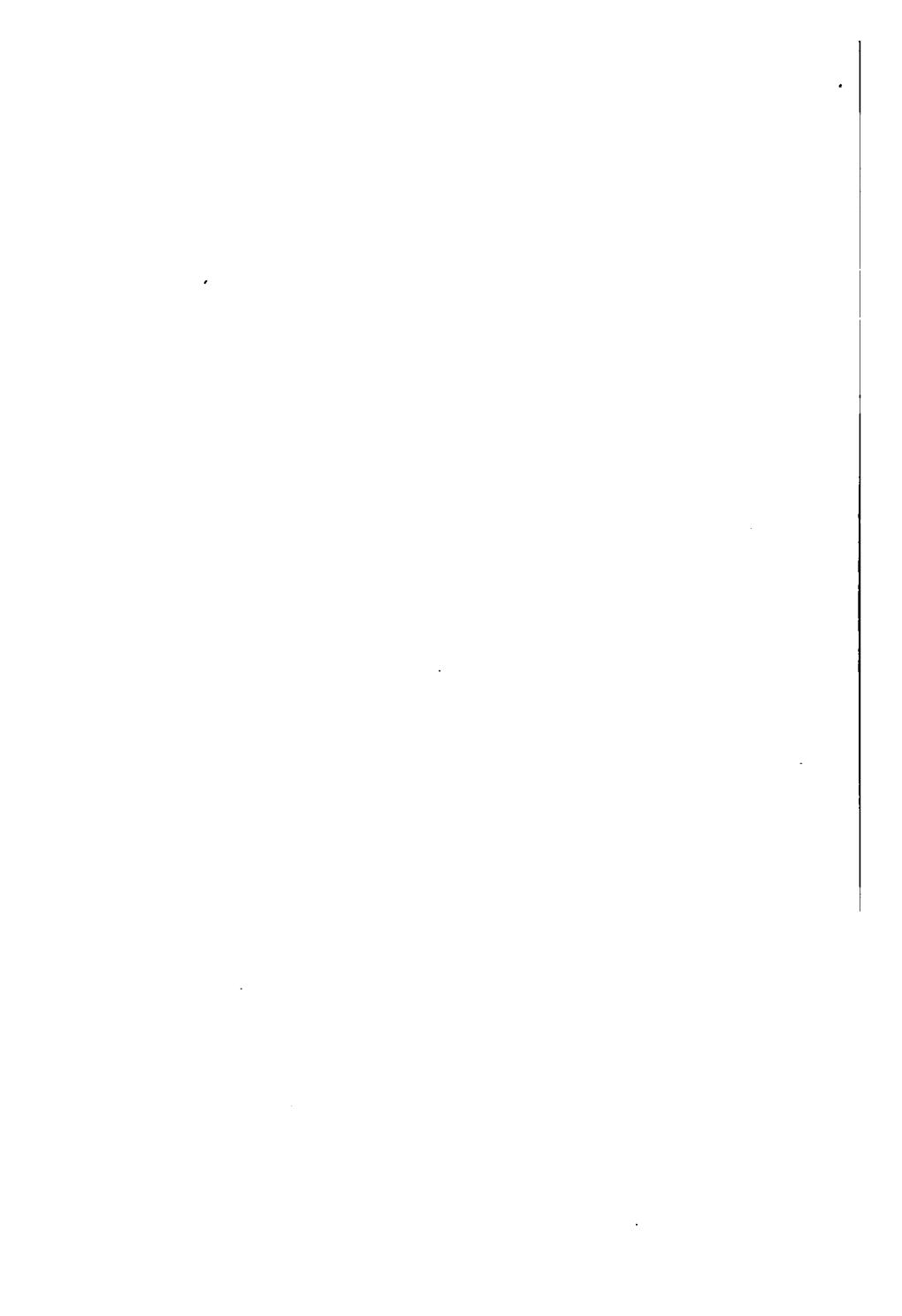
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THE INDIAN PRINCESS

ME-NUNG-GAH

CANTO I

Harken now ye pleasant dwellers
In the land where once the Red-man
Lived contented in his wigwam,
Roamed unfettered through the wildwood,
Feasted on the game abundant,
Lived and fought, but never yielded,
Never would submit to bondage.

History does not reveal it;
It is only legendary,
But I'll paint for you a picture
Of a wronged and suffering people,
Of a strange misguided people,
Of a proud and haughty people,
Who for many years have suffered
Misery and degradation,
When they should have been uplifted
By the men who have oppressed them;
Should have been taught useful lessons
That would build and elevate them,
From their wild and savage station
To a strong and healthful nation.

Long ago, how many winters
No one knows and none can tell you,
When the forests were primeval,
When the sod was still unbroken,
When the Red man was the owner
Of the great trans-Mississippi,
Sat a Savage Indian chieftain
Telling his young braves and warriors
Ne-kah-shinga, wah-si-sig-ga
Wah-ko and his shin-gah-shin-gah
Of his brave and daring ventures
In the land of the Da-ko-tahs.

Of the scalps that he had taken;
Of the ponies he had stolen;
Of the enemies he conquered
On the plains and in the mountains.

As he spoke in fiery fervor,
Young men listening in wonder
At the story he was telling,
Came a young man from the river
Saying, "Yonder on the water
Comes a mighty heaving monster,
Sounding like the voice of thunder,
Belching fire like some great demon:
It must be the great Wah-kun-dah."

Rushing from a thousand tee-pees
Came the Indians in amazement,
Gazing there in silent wonder
At the awful thing before them.

First they thought to flee in terror,
Then they saw a pale-faced stranger,
Clad in robes of royal splendor,
Waving to them with a banner.
Then the brave old Wah-kun-dah-gee
Spoke in tones commanding silence:
"Chiefs and braves and fellow warriors,
Listen while I tell the story
Hitherto I have not told you."
"How!" the eager throng responded.
Then the stately Wah-kun-dah-gee
Told them of an ancient legend,
That there came across the water
In the distance whence the sunshine
Comes in early dawn of morning—
Came like him they saw before them,
In a house upon the water.

Came a stranger to the east-land,
Came the pale-face to their fathers

From across the briny ocean;
Told them how the Ne-kah-shu-ja
Feared the pale-face as Wah-kun-dah,
Feared and brought him many presents,
Meat and skins and beads of wampum.
Then he told them how the pale-face
Gave their fathers fire-water,
Drinking which, it made them crazy;
Made them slay a wife or brother,
Made them act like very demons.

Then he told them how their fathers
Fled in terror from the pale-face,
Fled across the pah-do-tun-gah
And across the Ne-skah-tun-gah
To the land of the Mo-sho-jah,
Where they found the great cha-don-gah,
The cha-min-gah and cha-shin-gah,
Found the countless herds of bison,
This they called the land of Kon-za's.
Here we've lived for generations
On the banks of the Mo-sho-jah;
Here our fathers' bones are buried;
Here our braves have won distinction
Driving back invading red-men
Who have come to steal our ponies.

Now the pale-faced man has found us.
He has with him pe-a-je-nee,
He will give us fire-water;
He will make our young men crazy;
Make us slay our wife or brother
As he did our great ancestors.

Shall we let him come among us?
Shall we not rather slay him,
Throw his carcass on the water,
Float it down to warn his brother
Of the danger of the Kon-za's
On the banks of the Mo-sho-jah?

Listen to your Wah-kun-dah-gee,
In the pale-face there is danger!
I have spoken.”
Then the chief of all the Kon-za’s
Arose in his majestic splendor,
Towering far above his fellows,
Clad in furs and paint and feathers,
“Listen! am I not your chieftain,
Chief of all you braves and warriors,
Chief of young men, women, children,
Chief of all the tribe of Kon-zas?
Have I ever been a coward?
Have I ever fled in battle?
See my scalp-locks dangle yonder
From the pole beside my wig-wam?
Scalps of other ne-kah-shu-jas
I have met on field of battle!

What is this upon the water
That should make our Wah-kun-dah-gee
Fear and tremble like a woman?

Motion hither yonder pale-face,
Bid him welcome to your camp-fires,
Give him food and give him shelter,
Harken to your fearless chieftain!”

Clad in sack-cloth and in ashes,
Clad in worn and ragged raiment,
Waiting not to greet the pale-face,
Stole the aged Wah-kun-dah-gee
To his haunt upon the hill-side;
With his face turned from the sun-light
Sat he on the rocky hill-side
Weeping sad and there lamenting
For the error of his chieftain.
Calling to the great Wah-kun-dah
“Save my people, save my people,
Save them from the pale-faced stranger,
Save them from his fire-water!”



ME-NUNG-GAH



All night long sat he there weeping,
Thinking of the ancient legend,
Thinking of his people's peril.
Till the early dawn of morning
Sat the old man weeping, wailing,
Crying for his wayward children
Who refused to heed his warning.

Slowly down the hill descending,
Tear-drops down his cheeks still streaming,
Came Wah-kun-dah-gee at sunrise,
To his wigwam in the valley.

Slowly then, as was his custom,
Marched the old man through the village,
Speaking with a voice of thunder
He addressed his wayward people.

Always he had counseled valor,
Taught the braves to fear no danger,
Taught the young men to be hunters,
Taught them to drive out invaders,
As their fathers had before them
Driven other tribes and nations
Who had dared to give them battle.
Never had his words of wisdom
Been rejected by his people,
Who had prospered by his teaching.
Now his chief had dared oppose him,
Taken in the pale-faced stranger,
Who, tradition from his father
Taught him, leads to fearful danger.

Slowly spoke the Wah-kun-dah-gee
Then, these words of fearful import:
"Harken once again my children
While I tell again the story,
Tell to you the old tradition
Told me by my aged father
Who was once your Wah-kun-dah-gee

But who sleeps on yonder hill-top,
Told me as his dying message,
Told me I should warn the Kon-zas
From the danger of the pale-face,
Should he ever cross the water
Of our stream the great Mo-sho-jah.
Yesterday we saw him coming,
Moving up the mighty river,
And I promptly told the legend
Handed down through generations
From your ancient Wah-kun-dah-gee
As a warning to the Kon-zas.

Then I bade you slay the stranger
E'er he entered in your Wig-wam;
Told you how his fire-water
Had so crazed our great ancestors
That they fled in mortal terror
Over mountain, plain and valley
To the land of the Mo-sho-jah;
To the land where since, the Kon-zas
Rule a vast expanse of country
Covered o'er with grass and timber,
Where our game in countless number
Furnishes our food and shelter.

Here we dwell in peace and plenty,
With no foe we cannot conquer,
With our fathers sleeping yonder
In the rocks upon the hill-top.
Thus may we live on forever
If you will but heed my warning
Of the legend of my father
Who has told me that my people
Must not listen to the pale-face
Who may come, has come among us
In his house upon the water,
As he came to our forefathers,
Bringing with him fire-water
That, possessed of evil spirits,

Will deprive us of our reason;
Drive our young men mad with frenzy,
Cause them to destroy their brothers,
Slay their wives and e'en their mothers.
Harken, I beseech you, warriors,
Listen to your Wah-kun-dah-ghee,
Listen to my fearful warning.
Harken, oh my noble chieftain,
You, who fear no foe nor danger,
You, who always first in battle
Lead us ever on to conquer,
Hear me, hear your Wah-kun-dah-ghee
Who would save you from great danger,
Who would save you from the stranger,
Coming here with fire-water,
That will drive from you your people,
Drive them out to cold and hunger,
As it drove our great ancestors
From their home beyond the mountains.
Hear me, mighty chieftain, hear me!
Let my words of warning reach you,
Let our fathers' legend teach you
There are dangers that you know not,
Enemies that, though you fear not,
You can never hope to conquer.

Once again I beg, implore you,
Though you have received this stranger,
Taken from him beads and trinkets,
Given him your robes and deer-skins;
Drive him quick from out your borders,
Drive him down the great Mo-sho-jah.
Tell him never more to come here
To the land of all the Kon-zas;
To the land that we have chosen;
To the land where sleep our fathers
In the rocks upon the hill-tops.
Hear me, oh my people, hear me."

Thus the aged Wah-kun-dah-ghee

Plead all day among his people,
As he walked throughout their village,
From the sun-rise till the sun-set.

Then the great head-chief, Wah-tun-gah,
Sent his crier through the village,
As the shades of night were falling,
Calling all his braves and warriors
To assemble on the morrow
For a mighty feast and council.
Thought the great head chief, Wah-tun-gah,
“Now has my great Wah-kun-dah-gee
Bid defiance to my mandate.
Bid my people disobey me,
Bid them question all the wisdom,
That I hitherto have uttered.
I, who never have been conquered,
Never fled on field of battle
From an enemy before me.
I, the chief of all the Kon-zas!
I am asked to fear the pale-face,
Lest he with his fire-water
Drive from me my loyal people,
Drive us from our land of plenty,
Drive us from our herds of bison,
Drive us farther to the west-ward,
Whence the cold and freezing blizzard
Comes in fierce and blinding fury.
Shall I yield or shall I conquer?”
Meditated thus Wah-tun-gah
As he sat within his wigwam,
As he viewed the list of trinkets
Brought him by the pale-faced stranger;
Trinkets bright, of glistening silver;
Beads and ribbons without number;
Ornaments of royal splendor,
Such as he had never witnessed.
“Can there be within this stranger
Elements of dread and danger,
Such as my great Wah-kun-dah-gee”

Has portrayed unto my people?"

There he sat and silent pondered
Far into the hour of darkness
By the dim fire of his wig-wam,
While around him all was stillness
Save the hooting of the night-owl
In the shadows of the wood-land,
And the barking of the coyote
In the distant open prairie.

Till at last, long after mid-night
Fell he into fitful slumber;
Slept the great head chief Wah-tun-gah.
Still his mind was agitated
By the new and fearful problem.
He must solve upon the morrow.

Never had his braves and warriors
Failed to do him greatest homage,
Failed to go where he would lead them,
Failed to do what he would bid them,
Would they fail him on the morrow?

These thoughts filled the chief with sorrow
As he fell in fitful slumber,
On his bed of robes of bison
He had slain with bow and arrow
On the plains toward the sun-set,
In the sunny land of Kon-zas.

CANTO II

WARRING FACTIONS

As he slept, forebodings vanished,
And he dreamed of future greatness;
Dreamed that, robed in royal splendor,
Decked in paint and streaming feathers,
He was coming from a battle
At the head of all his warriors,
With the scalps that he had taken

Dangling from his belt of wampum.
Scalps of his old foes, the Pawnees,
He had often met in battle,
And as often had defeated.
Dreamed he saw old men and women
Coming out to meet and greet him,
On his homeward march triumphant,
Chief of all the tribes of Kon-zas.

Suddenly he was awakened,
By the voice of Wah-kun-dah-gee,
Who, in early dawn of morning
Cried aloud again his warning
Of the danger from the pale-face
Anchored out on the Mo-sho-jah.

Angered then beyond endurance,
Acting quickly on the impulse,
As the vision of his greatness
Loomed in splendor up before him,
Leaped the chieftain from his wig-wam,
Bearing in his hand a dagger,
Ran he forth to Wah-kun-dah-gee,
Saying to himself, "I'll slay him,
Slay the man who dare oppose me;
Dare to make my warriors cowards;
Dare to make them act like women."

But, approaching Wah-kun-dah-gee,
Instantly his heart was melted
For he saw that tears were streaming
Down the old man's cheeks in sorrow,
As he cried in bitter anguish,
"Oh my people, hear my warning,
Drive away the pale-faced stranger,
Let him not come near your wigwams
With his deadly fire-water.
He will make your young men crazy,
He will steal your wives and daughters."

Then saw he his chief before him;
Suddenly the tear-drops vanished
From his eyes that flashed like lightning,

And the two great warring spirits
Stood with eyes fixed for a moment
As if each would rend the other.
By an impulse both relented;
Then they talked the matter over;
Each tried to convince the other;
Both, however, were determined,
And as they had met, they parted.

Chief Wah-tun-gah, young, ambitious,
Hastened back into his wigwam
Firmer yet in his decision
To befriend the pale-faced stranger
Who had brought him beads and trinkets,
Ear-bobs, paints and scarlet blankets,
Coffee, sugar and provisions,
Things that he had never tasted,
Things that he had never dreamed of.

Then, preparing for the council
Of his chiefs and braves and warriors,
He bedecked himself in splendor;
Filled his ears with silver ear-bobs,
On his breast a silver medal,
Girt his arms with silver bracelets,
Painted cheeks with rich vermillion,
On his brow a great war-bonnet
Made of gorgeous eagle feathers
Streaming to the ground behind him;
Leggings made of softest deer-skin,
Moccasins also to match them.
Then be-girdled with a blanket,
With a scarlet woolen blanket,
Marched he out into the sunshine;
Marched he to the council chamber,
There to greet his braves and warriors.

Never had a Kon-za Chieftain,
In the history of the nation,
Been arrayed in dazzling colors
Such as wore the great Wah-tun-gah
On this memorable occasion.

Women stood in awe and wonder

As they saw his towering figure
Move in majesty before them;
Children fled in mortal terror;
Others gazed on with amazement.

When he reached the council chamber
Strong men stood in fear and trembled
At the mighty transformation
In their chief, the great Wah-tun-gah.

Solemnly, he bade be seated
All the chiefs and braves and warriors
Who had come there at his bidding
To engage in solemn council.

Lighting then his pipe of red-stone,
Filled with powdered leaves of sumach,
Filled with fragrant red mum-be-gee,
Wafted first a puff to heaven,
Homage to the great Wah-kun-dah
For his favors to the Kon-zas.
Then he passed the pipe on from him
To another chief or warrior;
Other chiefs and Wah-kun-dah-gees
Also lighted pipes and passed them,
On from one unto another
As has been the Indian custom
Always at their feasts and councils.

Smoke to them is emblematic
Of their prayers to heaven ascending,
To their God, the great Wah-kun-dah,
In whom they are all believers.

As the pipe of peace was passing,
Chiefs and braves and all the warriors
Sat they all in perfect silence.

Then the great head chief, Wah-tun-gah,
Stood before the great assemblage,
Drew himself to fullest stature,
Folded gracefully his blanket
Underneath his arm-pits 'round him.
Then began he, slowly speaking:
“Ki-hè-ga and wah-si-si-ga
Wah-di-an-gah, ne-kah-shin-gah



PAPOOSE AS CARRIED ON MOTHER'S BACK

Wah-ko, shin-gah-shin-gah, zah-nee
I have called in august council,
All my brave and loyal people,
Harken to the words I utter:
I am chief of all the Kon-zas
As my father was before me,
As his father was before him,
I am of the royal house-hold.
I am chief because my birth-right
Makes me chief of all the Kon-zas!
“How!” with one accord they answered,
Meaning, “Yes, you have well spoken.”
Then he told them of his triumphs;
Of his daring deeds of battle;
How when he was but a young man
He had slain a stealthy Pawnee
Sneaking through the grass at midnight
Like a snake to steal his pony.
As he spoke he grew in stature,
Fairly swelled with self-importance,
And his voice swelled in proportion,
Till it shook the very branches
Of the trees that stood around him.
Frequent interruptions told him
He was making an impression;
Thus encouraged, he proceeded,
Speaking on with graceful gestures
He had learned by intuition;
Gestures, which the child of nature
Learns without the aid of tutor;
Uses with the utmost freedom
When and where to be effective;
Suddenly across the woodland
Came the pale-face with companions,
From their boat upon the water,
Each one bearing with him presents
Which were placed before the chieftain;
Having been attracted thither
By the speech the chief was making,
Which resounded from the hill-sides,

From the steep and rocky hill-sides,
Which surrounded there the valley
Where was then the Kon-zas village
And where now stands Kansas City,
And where still the Kon-zas river
Flows into the great Mo-sho-jah.
When the strangers then were seated
Close within the inner circle,
And had smoked with them the peace-pipe,
Chief Wah-tun-gah then proceeded:
“These are strange and wondrous people,
Sent perhaps by great Wah-kun-dah
With the presents they have brought us.
Dare we slay or drive them from us,
Lest we grieve the great Wah-kun-dah
Who has given us the bison,
Deer and elk that roam the forests,
Bear and game in rich profusion?”
As he spoke a strange thing happened.
From the dense brush of the forest
Rushed a deer into the open
Where it stopped, confused, astonished.
Quick a pale-face seized his rifle,
Then a flash and whizzing bullet
Dropped the deer like stroke of lightning;
Then, just as if nothing happened,
Took his seat again among them,
Knowing well he'd taught a lesson
That would never be forgotten.
Then a scene of wild commotion
Seized the vast assembled council.
Some cried out “It is Wah-kun-dah.
See he brings the lightning, thunder,
When the sun shines clear and brightly,
When no storm clouds hover over.
Surely he's a great magician
Greater than our Wah-kun-dah-gee
Who has said so much against him,
Who has told us we should slay him.”

Then they taunted Wah-kun-dah-gee:

“If you are a great magician
Why have you not shown your power?
Why have you not killed a wild deer,
Blowing lightning from your nostrils,
Followed by a sound of thunder?
If you represent Wah-kun-dah,
Why do you not slay the pale-face
As you saw him slay the wild deer?”
Wah-kun-dah-gee sat in silence.
Tears were coursing through the wrinkles
Of his old face worn and haggard.

Then the great head-chief Wah-tun-gah,
Knowing he had won the victory,
Said, “We will not slay the strangers.
We will build for them a wig-wam;
Let them stay and live among us;
Teach us all the power and wisdom
They have learned from their Wah-kun-dah
Who has sent them here among us
With their ornaments and blankets
Such as here you see me wearing.
All my young men and my maidens
Shall be robed in finest garments;
Likewise, too my braves and warriors,
Shall go forth to meet the Pawnees,
When they come to steal our ponies,
Decked in paints and glistening trinkets
Such as they have never witnessed,
And perhaps the pale-face stranger
May teach us to kill the Pawnee,
As you saw him slay the wild deer,
With the sound of his Wah-ho-tah.
Women! bring ye hither deer-meat;
Bring the meat of bear and bison,
Make a gruel of Wah-ko-sa;
Let us feast the pale-faced stranger;
Henceforth call him Mo-he-tun-gah,
For the ‘Big knife’ he has brought us.”

When the chief had ceased his speaking,
Others spoke as they were bidden;

Giving to his words approval.

Some, however, had misgivings
And refused a word to utter,
Thinking to themselves the rather
That the aged Wah-kun-dah-gee
Spoke the truth in giving warning
That they should drive out the stranger
From the land where dwelt the Kon-zas.

These men, sullen, without murmur,
Moved away before the feast-time
And refused to smoke the peace-pipe
That they knew would be extended
When Wah-tun-gah's feast was over.

These were friends of Wah-kun-dah-gee,
Who would listen to his teaching,
Who would cling to old traditions
Handed through him by their fathers
For the guidance of the Kon-zas.

Others were young chiefs, ambitious
To dethrone the great Wah-tun-gah
And become the leading factor
In the counsels of the nation.

All were silent on the subject;
Feared to mention what their thoughts were
Lest they reach the great Wah-tun-gah,
Thus incurring hot displeasure
That would ruin all their prospects.

When at last the feast was over
And they passed around the peace-pipe,
Then the strangers, realizing
That they were receiving favors
More than even they expected
From the wild untutored savage
Whom they had approached in terror,
Knowing well the traits of red men
Whom they had before encountered.
They determined then to show them
Even more and greater kindness
Than they had in giving presents.

Going back unto the river,
They soon came again with caskets,
Out of which then pouring liquid,
Sparkling liquid red and fiery,
They first offered to Wah-tun-gah;
As he gazed into the contents
Of the cup which they presented,
This, thought he, is fire-water
Which the old man Wah-kun-dah-gee
Tells us is so full of danger;
Shook his head and would not drink it
Lest it make him wild and crazy.
Then the pale-face to assure them
That indeed there was no danger,
Drank himself the fire-water.
Seeing this young Wah-di-an-gah
Who was also Wah-kun-dah-gee,
Motioned to the pale-faced stranger
He was not afraid to drink it;
This he did to show his fellows
He was brave and feared no danger;
Braver than his chief, Wah-tun-gah,
Brave as was the pale-faced stranger.
Seeing that no harm befell him,
Others followed his example
Till at last the cask was empty.
Though it made them feel exultant
None became intoxicated.
Then they went to Wah-kun-dah-gee,
Told him what they had been doing,
That they drank the fire-water,
That it was as hot as fire,
But it had not made them crazy.
Wah-kun-dah-gee sat in silence,
Did not even deign to answer;
But his heart was filled with sorrow,
Filled with dread because his people
Did not realize their danger.
As the sun was slowly passing
Down behind the western tree-tops,

Wah-kun-dah-gee climbed the hill-side
Where he often prayed and fasted.
There he lingered till the morning
Weeping, wailing and beseeching
Wah-kun-dah to save his people
From the dangers that his father
Told him had beset the Kon-zas
In their home toward the sun-rise.

When the sun in all his splendor
Rose above the eastern hill-tops,
Still he prayed and still he fasted,

Three long days and nights he fasted
Tasting neither food nor water.
Then with slow and tottering foot-steps
Went his way back to his wig-wam,
Where in sweet repose he slumbered.

As he lay there peaceful, dreaming
That his God would save his people,
Long after the hour of mid-night
Stealthily there came a foot-step.

Wah-kun-dah-gee was awakened.
“Wah-kun-dah-gee, holy father,”
Said the chief who bowed before him,
“I have been your faithful follower
Ever since my early child-hood,
Never have you been mistaken,
Never have you told a falsehood.
Deep within my heart are hidden
All the words you ever uttered.

Three days now since you were absent
Have the young men acted foolish,
Drinking of the fire-water,
Brought here by the Mo-he-tun-gah.
Some were even made so crazy
That they struck their wives and children
Till we had to hold and tie them;
They are doing as you told us
They would do with fire-water.
Even our great chief Wah-tun-gah



Drank till he was almost crazy;
Never did he talk so foolish;
Why, he even said he'd kill you
For the words that you have spoken!
You, who always have stood by him,
Counseled him with words of wisdom;
Taught him how to win his battles;
Said he'd rend your heart asunder
If you dare again oppose him;
This is why I came in darkness
That I might in secret warn you
To beware of threatened danger.
And that we might here together
Talk in quiet of the future
And plan out a course to follow.

I have thought the matter over
And my heart is filled with sorrow
That your warning was rejected
By our great head chief Wah-tun-gah.
But, we have a mighty country
On this side of the Mo-sho-jah,
Far toward the frozen north-land
Where the bison go in spring-time
And toward the sunny south-land
Where they migrate for the winter,
I will take my band of people,
Are they not one half the Kon-zas?
Now that it is in the summer,
We will go into the south-land
Following the herds of bison
Till we reach the great Ne-shu-jah,
Till we reach the great Red-Water,
There we'll form another Nation;
You shall be my Wah-kun-dah-gee,
I will listen to your counsel,
All my people too will hear you,
Will obey your words of wisdom,
And traditions of our fathers,
Handed down through generations.
We will not receive the pale-face

But will drive him from our country,
Should he ever dare to enter
With his dreadful fire-water.
You are growing old and feeble
And, since you have been rejected,
Soon another will supplant you,
Take your place as Wah-kun-dah-gee
In the counsels of the Kon-zas."

Saying this, he then departed,
Promising that on the morrow,
He would come again at mid-night
To receive the old man's answer.

CANTO III

WAH-KUN-DAH-GEE, A CONSERVATIVE

When the young chief had departed,
Wah-kun-dah-gee could no longer
Then restrain the tears from flowing;
Silently he sat there weeping;
Wept because his wayward people
Had not listened to the warning
Which he gave and oft' repeated.
Then before the sun had risen
Up above the eastern hill-top,
Slowly went he to the hill-side,
Clad in sack-cloth and in ashes,
Where again he prayed and fasted;
Prayed and fasted, thought and pondered;
Thought again his past life over;
Thought of all the old traditions.
He had heard and taught his people;
How he talked to young Wah-tun-gah
When he played with other children;
Told him to be brave and fearless;
Told him he must lead all others;
Taught the rest they should obey him,
For he soon would be their chieftain.

Chief of all the tribe of Kon-zas;
Can it be the truth was told me?
Can it be he said, he'd kill me,
Kill his old friend, Wah-kun-dah-gee,
Who have been a father to him,
Since the day his father perished
In a battle with the Pawnees,
Long ago, now twenty winters?

There can be no doubt he said it,
Else my friend would not have told me.

But he drank the fire-water,
Which I said would make him crazy;
He was crazy when he said it.
He can never, never harm me;
I will never, never leave him;
I will stay and still will warn him
Of the threatened desolation,
That will come to all our people
If we do not heed the legends,
Heed the warnings of our fathers.

I will go and tell the young chief
He must not be too ambitious.
We must keep our tribe together;
That Wah-tun-gah will not slay me,
Though he does I will not leave him.
Then he tottered to his wig-wam
Feeling sad and broken hearted.

When it was the hour of midnight,
Came the young chief to his wigwam
Eager to receive the answer;
Sorely was he disappointed
When the old man quickly told him
He would never leave his chieftain,
Never separate his people.

Went he then away in sorrow,
Fearing lest the Wah-kun-dah-gee
Might disclose to chief Wah-tun-gah
All the words that he had uttered.

But the old man knew the wisdom
Of the young man's proposition

And resolved he would not tell it
Lest it make them further trouble;
Lest the chief with fire-water,
Slay the young man who opposed him,
Bringing on a fearful warfare
In the great tribe of the Kon-zas.
Then reflected Wah-kun-dah-gee:
I shall soon sleep with my fathers
In the rocks on yonder hill-top;
Matters little if I perish
Trying now to save my people
From the dangers that beset them.
I will go and see Wah-tun-gah,
I will even now defy him,
Threaten him with insurrection;
Threaten to divide the nation;
Threaten him with dire destruction
Or the loss of his position,
If he does not drive the pale-face,
With his poison fire-water,
Back from whence on the Mo-sho-jah
He has come to bid defiance
To the Kon-zas' old traditions.
First, however, I will coax him,
Try to still retain his favor;
Try to show him that our fathers
Spoke to us the words of wisdom
And we should not disobey them.

CANTO IV

PLANNING SECESSION

Young Ki-he-ga Shun-ga-sob-ba,
Brother of the chief Wah-tung-gah,
Calling all his braves together,
Told them of their chieftain's actions,
How he threatened Wah-kun-dah-gee.
How, by drinking firewater,

He was acting wild and silly;
Then he counseled separation,
Moving southward with the bison.
“We will build another nation
Far out on the great Ne-shu-ja
Where the pale-face will not follow
With his deadly fire-water.
I will be your great Ki-he-ga,
You shall be my braves and warriors.
We will take the name Wa-shah-sha,
Feast on bison and tah-tun-ga,
Feast on wild game and wah-ko-sa,
Sheltered from the blasts of winter
By the forests on the border
Of the Tah-gu-hu, the Walnut.
Go with me my braves and warriors
To the land of peace and plenty;
To the land of which I’m speaking,
On the southern Kon-zas border.
You will find a Mo-zho-yol-la,
Goodly land for all our people;
Full of antelope and turkey;
Where our children will not hunger
In the summer or the winter.”

Those who listened to the chieftain,
Counseling for them secession,
Were impressed by what he told them.
One by one they gave their sanction,
Promising that they would follow
Through the sunny plains of Kon-zas
To the land that he had chosen,
There to build another nation,
Free from strife and molestation
Of the pale-face who had wronged them;
Led their chief to deeds of anger,
Causing strife and sore dissension
In the grand old tribe of Kon-zas.
One there was though, disappointed,
One who loved Wah-tun-gah’s daughter,
Me-nung-gah, his eldest daughter;

And he knew she also loved him
But he feared her irate father
Who had never yet consented,
Since he had, on field of battle,
Failed as yet to win distinction.
This young chief was Wah-ho-bee-ca
Whom Wah-tun-gah had rejected,
Even laughed at in derision,
When he asked for fair Me-nung-gah,
Fairest maid of all the Kon-zas.
“Go” said he “toward the sunset.
Bring to me the bleeding scalp-lock
Of our enemy the Pawnee,
Or the Cheyenne farther west-ward.
Show me first some deed of valor,
Show that you, like your great chieftain,
Fear no foe on field of battle,
E'er you ask for fair Me-nung-gah.”
Though his heart was in the movement,
Wah-ho-bee-ca could not leave her;
Could not leave the fair Me-nung-gah.
Lest he never more should see her,
Lest her father in his madness
Might, as said old Wah-kun-dah-gee,
Turn upon and slay his daughter.
Dare he speak to fair Me-nung-gah?
Dare he steal and take her with him?
Would she still to him be loyal?
Dare he tell her their intentions?
Would she go and tell her father?
These and many other questions
Passed his mind in quick succession
As he marched back to his wig-wam,
Slowly, sadly and dejected.

Suddenly an inspiration
Seized his mind, and exultation
Took the place of sad dejection.
I will go and tell Wah-tun-gah,
I am ready for the battle;
Ready for the death encounter

With our foe, the stealthy Pawnee,
Or the Cheyennes of the mountains.
I will ask to head the party
That from out the plains of Kon-zas,
Shall bring back the stolen ponies,
Taken from us by the Pawnees,
On their last mid-night invasion,
Me-nung-gah shall, with her uncle,
With Wah-tun-gah's younger brother,
Be a member of the party.
She shall witness all my triumphs;
She shall be the first to greet me
When, with bloody scalp-locks dangling
From the spear which I shall carry,
I shall prove that I am worthy
Of the hand of fair Me-nung-gah.
Then in haste to Shon-ga-sob-ba,
Wah-ho-be-c-ca, with his story,
Went to lay his plans before him
So the two might work together,
Each to win his own ambition.
Shon-ga-sob-ba sat and listened,
To the plans of Wah-ho-be-c-ca.
Then a sudden impulse seized him,
Here's a chance for our secession.
Wah-tun-gah, my elder brother,
Surely can have no objection
To my leaving with a party
Going out to chase the bison,
On the plains toward the mountains.
We will promise meat and deer-skins,
Hides and meat for all the nation.
All the young men will go with me;
All who drink no fire-water;
All who do not like the pale-face.
When we reach the herds of bison,
We will slowly follow southward
Till we reach the great Ne-shu-ja;
There we'll stay and build a nation,
Greater than the tribe of Kon-zas.

I am of the royal household;
I am great and tall of stature,
Stronger than my elder brother:
All my people will be loyal.
Younger chiefs and braves and warriors,
I will call into my councils,
Giving them the high positions
That will unify my people.
Wah-shah-sha shall be a nation
Stronger than the tribe of Kon-zas;
Thus he planned and meditated.
Wah-ho-becc-ca still in silence,
Waiting Shon-ga-sob-ba's answer,
Sat and thought of fair Me-nung-gah.
Shon-ga-sob-ba then, awakened
From his dream of future greatness,
Said to waiting Wah-ho-becc-ca:
“If I win for you Me-nung-gah,
Fairest of the maids of Kon-zas,
Will you follow where I lead you?
Will you do what'e'er I bid you?
Speak and tell me, Wah-ho-becc-ca!”
Wah-ho-becc-ca's eyes were sparkling
As he said to Shon-ga-sob-ba:
“If you win for me Me-nung-gah,
I will follow where you lead me;
I will do what you may bid me;
I will be your loyal subject;
Wah-kun-dah shall be my witness;
Only win for me Me-nung-gah.”
Then they smoked the pipe together,
Calling on their God to witness
That henceforth they would forever
Even fight for one another.
“Go now,” then said Shon-ga-sob-ba,
“Quietly among the Kon-zas;
Find the friends of chief Wah-tun-gah
Who would never dare to leave him;
Who would never dare forsake him;
Come to me each night and tell me.”

Light of foot and joyous hearted,
Wah-ho-bec-ca did the bidding
Of his new-found friend and chieftain.
Day by day among the young men
Quietly he sought opinions
Of Wah-tun-gah's bad behavior,
Of his drinking fire-water—
His abuse of Wah-kun-dah-gee,
Of his changed and sad condition.
Faithfully to Shon-ga-sob-ba,
Every night he told the story
He had learned among the Kon-zas.
Chief Wah-tun-gah, often drunken,
Failed to guard so close his daughter;
Stealthily she often left him
With a trusted girl companion,
To whom she her love confided,
For the handsome Wah-ho-bec-ca.
Strolling far out through the woodland
To a place they had selected
On the rippling banks of Se-cah,
Turkey creek, that from the southward,
Flows into the Kon-zas river;
There these wild untutored lovers
Met and told the same old story
That in generations after
Pale-faced men and fairer maidens
Still are telling to each other,
In the parks of wondrous beauty,
Over-looking still the Se-cah
In what now is Kansas City,
Where still flows the rippling water
Down to join the Kon-zas river.
Now polluted, vile and filthy,
Giving off a thousand odors;
Turkey creek was clear as crystal
When these ancient Indian lovers
Met and smiled and told the story
That through ages oft repeated,
Never ceases to be charming,

Never tires from the telling,
Always new and so refreshing.
Each succeeding generation
Loves to hear and loves to tell it.
Ah, but could this babbling brooklet
Speak and tell us all the stories
It has heard in trysting places,
From the lovers on its borders,
Would our boasted civil people
Be the gainer or the loser
By the story and its telling.
But my story is digressing.
Buoyantly, young Wah-ho-bee-ca
Left his charming dusky maiden,
To fulfill his chieftain's mission,
Gleaning each day information
That would hasten their departure,
And, though leaving friends behind him
That would grieve and so distress him,
Still, would he not win Me-nung-gah,
Fairest of the Kon-zas' maidens,
And would this not compensate him?
When at last the count completed,
Shon-ga-sob-ba was delighted,
For he found three-fourths the Kon-zas
Eager, ready, only anxious
To forsake their chief Wah-tun-gah
And enlist beneath his banner.
Then he went to chief Wah-tun-gah,
Told him of their need of wig-wams;
Of their need of food and raiment,
Lest approaching storms of winter
Should assail with cold and hunger.

Gladly did the chief Wah-tun-gah
Tell his brother Shon-ga-sob-ba
Then to take a band of Kon-zas,
All who ready were to join him,
And go out in search of bison.
Then he beckoned Shon-ga-sob-ba



LITTLE INDIAN PRINCESSES

To partake of fire-water
Which the pale-face had supplied him,
And which, from his oft partaking,
Kept him in a drunken stupor;
Shon-ga-sob-ba did not take it,
Neither did he reprimand him,
But in sorrow he departed.
Then he went to Wah-kun-dah-gee,
Bade him cry throughout the camp grounds
That he had the chief's permission
For a mighty hunting party,
That would start upon the morrow
For the plains in search of bison;
That the young chief Shon-ga-sob-ba
Would be leader of the party.
Wah-kun-dah-gee then, the crier,
Marched throughout the Kon-zas village
Urging all to join the party.
Early in the dawn of morning
Young men hastened to the pastures,
Bringing in the herds of ponies.
All the camp was in an uproar;
Women packing trunks of rawhide,
Children screamed, anticipating
All the joys of such a journey.
Only one of all the thousands
Sat dejected in her wigwam.
Me-nung-gah, the chief's fair daughter,
Having heard old Wah-kun-dah-gee
Name the leader of the party,
Knew her father was not going,
But she saw that Wah-ho-beec-ca
Had brought in his herd of ponies
And prepared for his departure.
Then, espying that her father
Had awakened from his stupor,
Me-nung-gah in desperation
Moved and sat down close beside him;
Asked him why he was not going;
Said she longed to see the wild flowers

Growing out upon the prairie;
Longed to taste the uncured bison,
Begged that she might join the party,
But Wah-tun-gah quick repulsed her;
Told her she must think him crazy,
To allow his favored daughter
Thus to go away and leave him.
Then with bitter tear drops streaming,
Me-nung-gah sought her companion,
Told her of her sore dilemma!
Begged that she tell Shon-ga-sob-ba,
That he might devise some measure
By which she might join the party.
I-Cis-sy sought Shon-ga-sob-ba;
Told him of Me-nung-gah's trouble,
Urging that he take her with him.
Shon-ga-sob-ba had been planning
All the while for fair Me-nung-gah,
But he had not dared to tell her,
Wisely waiting till she asked him
That he might more safely venture
To unfold his purpose to her.
Now he felt in perfect safety;
Sent Me-nung-gah word to meet him
At a given place appointed,
Underneath the hanging branches
Of the willows on the border
Of the great Mo-sho-jah river.
Shon-ga-sob-ba met Me-nung-gah;
Told her all the fearful import
Of the step that he was taking;
First exacting that she promise
Never to reveal the secret,
Whether she should leave her parents
Or remain and suffer with them.
Told her of Wah-tun-gah's actions;
How her father had betrayed them;
How the Kon-zas had been loyal;
Suffered long, been patient with him,
Hoping he would see his error

And would banish from among them,
Enemies with fire-water,
Who were daily taking from them
All their finest furs and deer skins,
Leaving only fire-water,
That was driving mad with frenzy
Every one who dared to drink it.
Then he left to her discretion
Whether to depart forever
From her father and her mother,
Told her if she chose to join him,
She should marry Wah-ho-bee-ca,
Who would be the second chieftain
Of the new tribe of Wah-shah-sha.
Me-nung-gah sat bowed in silence,
Awed and dazed at what he told her;
Tears unbidden trickled freely
Down upon her heaving bosom.
In her breast a war was waging;
Could she leave her aging parents
And forsake them for her lover?
Could she leave her brother, sisters,
Leave her all for Wah-ho-bee-ca?
All her happy days of childhood
Flashed before her tear-dimmed vision.
Shon-ga-sob-ba grew impatient,
Lest his absence from his wigwam
Should be noticed by the Kon-zas
Who were eager for departure.
“Speak, Me-nung-gah, speak and tell me,
Quickly, what is your decision?”
Then the maiden stood before him,
Straight of form and fair of feature;
Never was there Indian Maiden.
Seemed more like a very princess,
As these words she slowly uttered;
“Shon-ga-sob-ba, father’s brother,
Hard the choice you put before me;
Choose, you say, twixt kin and lover;
Go forsake the chief my father,

Join you, self-confessing traitor,
Who would rob his elder brother
Of the right which he is heir to,
Chief of all the tribe of Kon-zas,
Or remain and lose my lover.”
Once again the tear drops starting,
Trickled down upon her bosom,
Heaving with the wild emotion
That was tearing out her heart-strings.
Soon regaining her composure
She then gave him her decision:
“I will not forsake my kinsmen,
Dear to me as is my lover,
I can not forsake my father
Though he slay me, still I love him
And my mother, sisters, brother,
They will need my help and comfort
When they find we are forsaken.
Go, but know I'll not betray you;
And my lover Wah-ho-bec-ca,
He will find another maiden
As a great chief of Wah-shah-sha's,
He will woo another maiden.”
Then she swooned beneath the willow.
Cursing at Me-nung-gah's folly,
Shon-ga-sob-ba quickly left her;
Hastened back where stood his ponies,
Packed and ready for departure.

CANTO V

SEPARATION

Then moved from the Kon-zas river,
Caravan the greatest ever,
That had crossed the plains of Kon-zas,
Moving southward up the Secah,
Slowly wending to the highlands,
Three-fourths of the tribe of Kon-zas

Followed chieftain Shon-ga-sob-ba.
Proud was he beyond all measure,
As he stood upon the hill-top
Over-looking Secah valley,
And reviewed the long procession.
Aged women, dogs and children,
Riding on the backs of ponies
Or behind them, in the baskets
Swung between the dragging tent poles
That were fastened to the girdles
Of the heavy-laden ponies.
Men and women, walking, riding;
Miles there were of this procession
That was leaving now forever
All that had been sacred to them
In the valleys of the rivers
That traverse now Kansas City,
Centre of the trade and commerce
Of a vast expanse of country,
Built upon the blasted prospects
Of the once proud tribe of Kon-zas,
Scattered as if by a whirlwind.

Day by day the mighty concourse,
Moving slowly to the westward,
Crossed the gently rolling prairie;
Camped at night on rippling brooklets,
Where they feasted on the wild deer,
Antelope and swift jack-rabbits
That were brought in by the hunters
Skirting either side the old trail,
That was afterward made famous
By Fremont, the old path-finder,
And the freight trains heavy-laden,
Bearing goods to mountain regions;
Bringing back the gold and silver
That the pale-face had discovered
In the gorges and the canyons
Of the rugged Rocky Mountains.
Six days out they reached a river,

Largest one they had encountered.
Here they found in countless thousands,
Herds of bison in the valley,
Fairly hidden by the blue stem
On the border of the river,
Which they called, still call, Neosho,
Meaning there is "water in it."
Here they camped and long they feasted;
Here the young chief Shon-ga-sob-ba
Plotted more and planned secession;
Here he held a famous Council
In a Grove beside the river,
Where now stands another city,
Council Grove, a lovely city.
Here he named his chiefs and warriors.
All his braves were here selected,
For the new tribe of Wah-shah-sha,
That seceded from the Kon-zas,
From the once great tribe of Kon-zas.
Wisely did young Shon-ga-sob-ba
Choose the leaders of his nation.
Few there were who, disappointed,
Stole back to their chief Wah-tun-gah,
Leaving in the deadly darkness,
Lest the young chief Shon-ga-sob-ba
Should restrain and stop their going.
When, at last, through feasts and councils,
All arrangements were perfected,
Shon-ga-sob-ba led his people
Southward to the great Ne-shu-ja,
Where the Tah-gu-hu, the Walnut,
Flows into the great Red Water.
There the great new tribe, Wah-shah-sha,
Camped and planned to build a nation
Where no pale-faced "Mo-he-ton-ga,"
With his deadly fire-water,
Ever should come near to bother.
There they passed the autumn, winter,
Feasting on wild deer and turkey,
Game of all kinds in abundance

That abounded in the woodlands
And the plains that then surrounded
These rich valleys of the rivers
Where the new tribe of Wah-shah-sha
Hoped to stay and live forever,
Free from strife and molestation.
Little dreamed they, boys then living
Would behold the transformation
That a century has witnessed;
That white men in countless thousands
Would invade and drive them farther;
Would destroy their herds of bison,
Change their dress and mode of living,
All within a single lifetime
Of the boys that then were romping
Freely over plain and valley.
Little thought they, that their children,
So unfettered, free and listless,
Would be taken from their wigwams,
Forced to go into a school-room,
Sit and ponder over letters;
That to them was worse than folly.
Little wonder children often
Of the younger generations
Stole away to haunts of freedom,
Back into their tents and wigwams,
Where they might, with bow and arrow,
Practice shooting birds and rabbits
And prepare them as their fathers
Had prepared to shoot the bison
That provided food abundant,
Satisfying all their hunger.—
Again my story is disgressing.

CANTO VI

AT THE OLD CAMP

When the Kon-zas had departed,
Wah-tun-gah soon missed Me-nung-gah.

Sought the aged Wah-kun-dah-gee,
Who remained with him still loyal;
Bade him cry throughout the village,
Call aloud for fair Me-nung-gah.
Faithful to his well known duty,
Wah-kun-dah-gee, through the village,
Called aloud for fair Me-nung-gah
To return unto her wigwam;
But in vain he sought and called her.
Then Wah-tun-gah recollected,
She had asked to join the party
That had gone in search of bison
On the Western plains of Kon-zas.
“Can it be my fair Me-nung-gah
Now has dared to disobey me?”
Drinking then some fire-water,
He soon raged throughout the village
Like a maddened, roaring lion;
Frightened squaws and little children
Fled from him into the bushes,
Lest he slay them in his madness.
Meanwhile, all her friends and neig' 'ors
Sought the missing girl, Me-nung-gah,
Till the shadows of the nightfall
Cast a gloom across the valley;
Then a sudden shout of triumph
From the border of the river,
Told the glad news that Me-nung-gah
Had been found beneath the willow.
Messengers then quickly hastened,
Found her still unconscious, lying
On the grass beneath the willow,
As she lay when Shon-ga-sob-ba
Left her in the early morning.
Soon the doctor, Wah-kun-dah-gee,
Came and knelt beside the maiden;
Saw that she was gently breathing;
Bade them bear her to the wigwam
Of her father, chief Wah-tun-gah.
Hastily, they made a stretcher

Of the soft skin of a bison;
Bore her gently to the wigwam
Where her father chief Wah-tun-gah
Had succumbed in drunken stupor.
Then the faithful Wah-kun-dah-gee
Crawled around the prostrate maiden,
Weirdly chanting incantations,
Calling on the great Wah-kun-dah
To restore to them Me-nung-gah,
Fairest maid of all the Kon-zas.
Soon her eyelids slowly opened.
Calling for a drink of water,
Me-nung-gah then gazed about her,
With a look of strangest wonder,
At the women there assembled.
Sitting up, she soon remembered
Of the meeting 'neath the willows,
Then again became unconscious.
Days and weeks the maiden hovered
“On the border of the river
Whence returns no way-worn traveller.”
But at last, by careful nursing
And the herbs which Wah-kun-dah-gee
Steeped and gave the frail Me-nung-gah,
She became restored and healthful.
Oft she thought of Wah-ho-bec-ca,
But his name she dared not mention.
Chief Wah-tun-gah often wondered
Why no tidings from the hunters
Had been sent by Shon-ga-sob-ba.

When their patches of wah-ko-sa
Had been garnered for the winter,
Fears of trouble dawned upon them.
Had their enemies, the Pawnees,
Or the Indians from the mountains
Killed and captured all the Kon-zas?
Straggling bands of aged Kon-zas
Who had left young Shon-ga-sob-ba
Then came in and told the story

Of the new tribe of Wah-shah-sha,
That had left the tribe of Kon-zas.
Chief Wah-tun-ga became furious,
Said he'd follow Shon-ga-sob-ba
Till he found him, then he'd slay him;
Flaunt his scalp lock in the faces
Of his chiefs and braves and warriors,
And compel them to be loyal
Once again to chief Wah-tun-gah,
Who by birth-right was the head-chief
Of the great tribe of the Kon-zas.
Then he knew that Shon-ga-sob-ba
Had with him the herds of ponies
Taken to bring back the bison
And provide their meat for winter.
Slowly now it dawned upon him
That his brother Shon-ga-sob-ba
Had betrayed him, taken from him
Every vestige of his power.
Realizing his position,
He called in old Wah-kun-dah-gee;
Told him of their sad dilemma,
How the children now were hungry,
How they needed skins for wig-wams.
“We shall perish,” said Wah-tun-gah,
“From the fearful cold and hunger,
In the coming moons of winter.”
“We must move,” said chief Wah-tun-gah,
“To a camp-ground farther westward,
Where we'll find the herds of bison
And obtain our meat for winter.
Go and tell my loyal people
We must move upon the morrow.”
Wah-kun-dah-gee, though still loyal,
Could not then refrain from saying
To his chief the great Wah-tun-gah:
“See how all my words of warning
Are fulfilled and how our nation
Now has suffered from your actions.
Had you driven back the pale-face—

Never tasted fire-water—
You would still have been the chieftain,
Chief of all the tribe of Kon-zas.”
Wah-tun-gah, humiliated,
Bowed his head in solemn silence,
Not a word he dared to utter.
Tears of bitterness and sorrow
Spoke the anguish of Wah-tun-gah
More than words he might have uttered.
Thus old Wah-kun-dah-gee left him,
Going out among his people
To proclaim the doleful message
As his chief Wah-tun-gah bade him.

CANTO VII

NEW HOME

Tired and foot sore from their journey,
Next we find the chief Wah-tun-gah
With his remnant of the Kon-zas
At the Junction of the river
That unites to form the Kon-zas,
And where now stands Junction City.
On their journey to the westward
Chief Wah-tun-gah felt dejected
Seeing only but a remnant
Of the once great tribe of Kon-zas,
Left to follow his dictation.
Nearly all of these were old men
Scarcely able for the journey;
Some had fallen by the wayside
Overcome by strong exertion;
Others stricken were and helpless,
And, bereft of fire-water,
He was wanting in the courage
That had hitherto sustained him.
Then he thought him of the Pawnees
Whom he'd often met in battle

And as often had defeated.
Fearing that they now would find him
In his helpless, sad condition,
And destroy him and his people.

Thus for days and months he brooded
Through the cold and dreary winter.
Me-nung-gah his charming daughter
Was his mainstay and his comfort;
Always kind to do his bidding,
Ever loyal, faithful to him,
Though her heart was always heavy,
For she knew how hard the burden
That her father had to carry.
Oft she thought of Wah-ho-bee-ca,
Of her distant, absent lover,
Wondered if he had forgotten
All their secret happy meetings
In their lovely trysting places
Underneath the hanging shade trees,
On the banks of rippling Secah.
She was always melancholy,
And, though others would have wooed her,
Gently, firmly she repulsed them,
Thinking only of her father
And her distant, absent lover;
Thinking of her changed condition
From the princess of a nation
Great in number, great in power,
Fearing neither man nor devil,
Fearing none that might assail them,
Now a remnant of the nation.
Once so many giant young men,
Now but few and small of stature,
Seemed to her like men had dwindled
As had dwindled down the nation.
But while she was thus discouraged,
Still she helped with house-hold duties,
Always busy doing something.
On her back bore heavy burdens

Of dry wood to kindle fire:
Broken limbs of oak and walnut,
Bore them like a beast of burden,
As was then the Indian custom.
Men were hunters, proud and haughty;
Killed the game, cared for the horses,
Made the pipes and bows and arrows.
Women "jerked" and cured the wild meat;
Cut and plaited strips of bison,
Wove them in and out together
As the old time frontier settlers
Wove their baskets and chair bottoms
From the bark of hick'ry saplings,
Or the fibre of the white oak.
When thus plaited firm together,
Women hung meat in the sunshine,
There to cure and dry for winter.

Since the coming of the pale-face,
Since imbibing fire-water
Coupled with the great dissension
And desertion of his people,
Chief Wah-tun-gah fast was aging.
Oft he sat within his wigwam,
Brooding over his misfortune;
Grieving at his loss of power;
That his greatness had departed
That the once proud tribe of Kon-zas
Now forever was disrupted.
Could no longer meet invaders
And protect themselves from dangers,
From the Indians of the mountains
Or their enemies, the Pawnees.
As he sat one day, thus brooding,
Suddenly he heard a war-cry.
Instantly he knew the Pawnees,
Bitter foes for generations,
Had attacked his little remnant
Of the great tribe of the Kon-zas.
Quick as flash he seized his quiver,

Screamed defiance, as he sallied
Out to meet the hated Pawnees.
Urging all his men to action,
Chief Wah-tun-gah stood defiant,
Aiming arrows with precision.
One by one he saw the Pawnees
Falling from their maddened ponies.
Thus encouraged, still he shouted
To his little band of warriors,
“Kill the snakes, repulse the cowards,
They have come to steal your ponies,
Drive them back to the Ne-blas-ka,
Drive them to the great flat water.”
As he spoke in tones of thunder,
Came a Pawnee daring near him,
With his war club raised to strike him;
But Wah-tun-gah sent an arrow
Through his heart and felled the Pawnee,
Gasping, dying from his pony.
E'er the pony darted from him
Old Wah-tun-gah seized the bridle,
Held it, while he scalped the Pawnee.

Then with dripping scalp lock dangling,
Mounted he the frightened pony.
Waving high the bloody trophy,
He defied his ancient foemen,
And, with furious maddened frenzy,
Rode he closely in among them,
Calling all his braves to follow.
In his wild and raging fury
Never had he thought of danger.
Suddenly he was surrounded
By a thousand yelling demons.
Fighting still in desperation,
Overcome by force of numbers
Fell the once great chief Wah-tun-gah.
Me-nung-gah had, from her wigwam,
Watched the terrible encounter.
When she saw the chieftain falling,

Though she knew she could not save him,
Rushed she forth with hand uplifted,
Weeping, wailing for her father.
Seeing her surpassing beauty
Then a Pawnee quickly seized her,
Drew her struggling up before him,
Bore her from the field of battle
To the northward whence the Pawnees
Came upon their deadly mission.

CANTO VIII

WAH-HO-BEC-CA SECEDES

Wah-ho-bec-ca had been restless,
Waiting for Chief Shun-ga-sob-ba
To fulfill his sacred promise.
Many moons he had been waiting,
Longing for his lost Me-nung-gah.
Oft' he thought his past life over:
Of the secret trysting places
When he met the charming daughter
Of the once great chief Wah-tun-gah;
Of the promises he made her,
That when he had slain the Pawnees
And regained the stolen ponies
How he then would come to claim her,
As the chief, her father bade him.
Now he feared her lost forever.
Blaming young chief Shun-ga-sob-ba
For his greatest disappointment,
Wah-ho-bec-ca was revengeful
And determined at all hazards
To regain his lost Me-nung-gah.
Quiet life on the Ne-shu-jah
Was to him becoming irksome,
And he organized a party
For a journey toward the northland
Where he hoped to meet the Pawnees

And engage them in a battle.
Then, when laden with his trophies,
Scalp-locks of the hated Pawnees,
He would visit the Mo-sho-jah
And would claim his fair Me-nung-gah
From the hand of Chief Wah-tun-gah.
Quietly he told his purpose
To his friends, the young Wah-shah-shas,
Whom he knew would gladly follow
Where-so-e'er he chose to lead them.
Boldly then to Shun-ga-sob-ba
He imparted information
Of his hopes and his ambition
To regain his lost Me-nung gah
Whom the chief had failed in winning
Though to him he had been loyal.
Then a bitter quarrel followed,
And the young chief Wah-ho-bec-ca
Took one-half of the Wah-shah-shas
From their leader, Shun-ga-sob-ba,
To the north land of Ne-blas-ka,
There to found another nation
That should be the tribe of Pon-ca.
As they moved on slowly northward,
Scouts came running to their chieftain
From the border of the river,
Saying they had seen a Pawnee
Bearing with him on a pony
One who seemed to be a woman.
Wah-ho-bec-ca, thinking only,
Of the scalp-lock of the Pawnee,
Quickly organized a party
Of young braves and daring warriors
And pursued the fleeing Pawnee,
Over hills and through the valleys.
On they rode in desperation
Till they neared the hated Pawnee
Whom they hoped to rend asunder.
Looking backward then the Pawnee
Saw his enemies pursuing.

Thinking that it was the Kon-zas,
He determined they should never
Rescue from him his fair captive.
On he urged his jaded pony;
Closer came young Wah-ho-bec-ca
Yelling like a very demon,
Followed by his braves and warriors,
Eager for the flying scalp-lock.
Seeing that with fresher horses
Soon he would be overtaken,
The Pawnee now in desperation
Drew his bone knife from the scabbard
Sank it deep into his captive;
Then he dropped her from the pony.
Thus relieved of half its burden,
Onward leaped the tired pony.

Hesitating but a moment,
Seeing it was but a woman,
Onward flew young Wah-ho-bec-ca
Now determined for the scalp-lock
That would help him win Me-nung-gah.
As he almost reached his foeman
Suddenly the Pawnee halted,
Whirled and threw his deadly war club
Fairly striking Wah-ho-bec-ca,
Who fell reeling from his pony.
Onward came his faithful warriors.
Leaving one, a Wah-kun-dah-gee,
There to guard young Wah-ho-bec-ca,
And to minister unto him
Should he find the hated Pawnee
Had not killed him with his war club;
On the flying demons hastened
Yelling now like very mad-men.
Soon they overtook the Pawnee,
And with savage fury slew him,
Then they quickly seized and scalped him,
Bearing proudly back the trophy,
Proudest trophy that a Kon-za
Ever bore from field of battle.

Hastily they urged their ponies
Back to where their fallen chieftain
Still unconscious lay but breathing.
Wah-kun-dah-gee crawled around him
On his hands and knees before them,
With loud groans and incantations
Like some roaring, maddened bullock,
Chewing native herbs the meanwhile,
Spewning them on the abrasion
Where had struck the Pawnee's war club.
Long they waited for their chieftain
Till the nightfall was approaching.
Having held a quiet council,
They decided Wah-ho-bec-ca
Must be taken at all hazards
Hastily back to the camp-fire
Where he could have more protection
And be sheltered from the storm clouds
That began to hover over.
Lifting him upon his pony,
That had now become well rested
From the hot fatiguing journey,
Slowly moved the sad procession,
Back towards whence, in exultation.
They had ridden on that morning;
Soon they passed where lay the woman.
One more curious than the others
Rode up close and heard her groaning;
Then dismounting, he spoke to her,
In her native tongue, the Kon-za's;
Feebly she her face uplifted,
When the warrior in amazement
Saw the face of fair Me-nung-gah.
Daughter of their former chieftain
Daughter of the chief, Wah-tun-gah.
Calling loudly to the warriors,
Quickly told them that Me-nung-gah
Was the victim of the Pawnee.
As, surprised, they came around her,
Me-nung-gah then told the story

Of the battle with the Pawnee;
Of the killing of her father,
By the treacherous, hated Pawnees;
Of her going to his rescue;
Of her capture by the Pawnee;
How her eyes had been blind-folded
Lest she know in what direction
She was being taken captive.
How she heard some one pursuing
But supposed it was the Pawnees
Fleeing from the field of battle,
Where she saw them kill her father;
How she felt a dagger strike her;
How the fall and dagger dazed her;
Then they told her Wah-ho-bec-ca
Was the leader of the party
That pursued and killed the Pawnee
Who was bearing her a captive.
Then they told her how the Pawnee
Struck her lover, Wah-ho-bec-ca,
Felled him to the ground unconscious;
That the body on the pony
Was the body of her lover.
Hearing this, the fair Me-nung-gah,
Swooned upon the grass before them.
Quickly then they held a council,
And decided they must take her
With them back to their own wigwams.
Hastily they made a basket
From the willows on the border
Of the stream which they were near to,
That flowed down into the Kon-za
From the fair land of Ne-blas-ka.
Then behind the well trained pony
Of their chieftain, Wah-ho-bec-ca,
On two poles that dragged suspended
From the saddle of the pony,
Me-nung-gah was gently lifted
To the basket there suspended,
And the sad but glad procession

Moved in darkness to the wigwams
Where they found the camp fires burning
And the anxious people waiting
Tidings of the absent warriors.
Mingled shouts of exultation
And the cries and lamentations
Of the savages assembled,
Made a night more weirdly hideous
Than has white man often witnessed.
Wah-ho-bec-ca and the maiden
Still were motionless, unconscious,
But that both might yet recover
Was the thought of all who saw them.
All night long the hideous yelling
Of the wild untutored savage,
Gloating round the scalp-lock taken
From their enemy, the Pawnee,
Women's wails and lamentation
For their young chief Wah-ho-bec-ca,
Made a scene to be forgotten
Never while an Indian warrior
Lives to hear the ancient legends
Of the once great tribe of Kon-zas.
By the watchful care and nursing
Of the old squaws who had known her,
Me-nung-gah had soon recovered,
For the knife had missed her vitals,
And though badly stunned from falling
She was not severely injured.
But for days young Wah-ho-bec-ca
Lay unconscious, moaning, groaning;
Often in his wild delirium
Yelling at the fleeing Pawnee.
Then again, in calmer moments,
He would plead for fair Me-nung-gah
As if talking to her father.
All of this the watchers noted
And reported to Me-nung-gah
Who could not conceal the pleasure
It afforded, that her lover

Wah-ho-bec-ca still was loyal.
Then she plead that she might see him;
Might sit by and wait upon him,
And perchance her voice in pleading,
Might assist the Wah-kun-dah-gee
To restore him to his reason
And restore to them their chieftain.
Soon they led her to his wigwam,
And as she sat down beside him,
Others there withdrew and left them;
As they did so, Wah-ho-bec-ca
Spoke and called for his Me-nung-gah.
Quickly then the happy princess
Made response unto his pleading,
Told him she was there beside him,
Bade him wake and look upon her.
Then, half-dazed, his eyes he opened,
Saw what seemed to him a vision
Of the face of fair Me-nung-gah,
And his pain and anguish vanished.
Smiles appeared as she had seen them
On the face of Wah-ho-bec-ca
In their old-time trysting places
On the shady banks of Secah.
Slowly then, returning reason
Told him he was not mistaken,
But in fact his faithful watcher
Was no other than Me-nung-gah,
She, for whom he braved the danger
And pursued the fleeing Pawnee.
Then he asked her for the story,
How she came to be so near him?
What indeed to him had happened?
Where he was and all about it?
But she told him to be patient
And that later she would answer
All the questions he had asked her.
Steadily his strength and vigor
Now returned to Wah-ho-bec-ca,
Through Me-nung-gah's faithful nursing.

And throughout the Indian village
Spread the fame of fair Me-nung-gah.
Was she not a Wah-kun-dah-gee?
Had she not restored their chieftain,
Whom they feared from long prostration
Might still prove to be the victim
Of the daring hated Pawnee.

When he fully had recovered
From his serious prostration,
Wah-ho-bee-ca met Me-nung-gah
By appointment in the shadow
Of a great oak by the river.
There he learned from her the story
Of the hardships of the Kon-zas;
Of their trip in search of bison
And the camp upon the river,
At the junction of the rivers
That unite to form the Kon-zas,
Near where now stands Junction City.
Told him that for want of ponies
They could scarcely kill cha-don-gah,
And had often suffered hunger.
Then she told him how her father
Met the Pawnees in a battle,
How he felled them from their ponies
With his old time youthful vigor,
How at last he scalped a Pawnee,
Then with daring desperation
Jumped upon the Pawnee's pony,
Riding out direct among them;
How, when seeing he was chieftain,
They surrounded then and slew him;
How she hastened from the wigwam,
Knowing not what she was doing;
How a Pawnee seized and bound her;
How they rode for miles together
Till he struck her with a dagger;
How his party came and found her;
How she swooned when they had told her

That her lover was the leader
Of the band that had pursued them;
That the body on the pony
Was the body of her lover.

Wah-ho-bec-ca sat enraptured
As he heard the thrilling story
That Me-nung-gah had been telling;
Then he drew her closely to him,
Told her of the sacred promise
Of her uncle Shun-ga-sob-ba;
How he had been disappointed,
And at last in desperation
Had determined he would find her,
After he had met the Pawnees
On the deadly field of battle
As her father had demanded.
Told her his surprise and wonder
That the woman they had rescued
Was his own beloved Me-nung-gah.
Then he told her his intentions;
Of his quarrel with Shun-ga-sob-ba;
Of his taking half the members
Of the new tribe of Wah-shah-sha,
And was moving to the northward
There to form the tribe of Pon-ca.
Then he asked if she would join him,
Be the wife of Wah-ho-bec-ca,
Chief of the great tribe of Pon-ca;
Said that when they were established
He would send and get her mother,
Bring her also to Ne-blas-ka
Where they should be reunited.
Hearing this she then responded.
“You must first send to my mother,
Telling her about my rescue,
Lest she grieve and perish also,
And be laid beside my father.”
Wah-ho-bec-ca quickly told her
He would do as she requested,

E'er the sunrise on the morrow.
Then, returning to their wigwams,
Wah-ho-bee-ca told his parents
Of his wooing of Me-nung-gah,
Of her promise to go with him.
Wah-ho-bee-ca sent a message
To the mother of Me-nung-gah,
Telling of her daughter's safety.
"Go and tell her," said the chieftain
To the messenger entrusted,
"That my tribe, the tribe of Pon-ca,
Will be friendly to the Kon-zas.
We will rescue from the Pawnees
All the ponies they have stolen.
We will early come with presents
That will bind the tribes together.
Tell her she shall join the Pon-cas
In our new home of Ne-blas-ka,
If she cares to leave the Kon-zas;
That Me-nung-gah will go with me
As the wife of Wah-ho-bee-ca,
Chief of all the tribe of Pon-ca,
Take to her this bit of scalp-lock
From the fiend who stole her daughter.
Go, and may the great Wah-kun-dah
Speed you safely on your journey."
Thus instructed, Shung-ga-nunga,
Swiftest of the nation's runners,
Sped across the hills and valleys
To the junction of the rivers
Where was camped the tribe of Kon-zas.
Knowing well the Indian custom
That at early dawn of morning,
Clad in sack cloth and in ashes
Women would be weeping, wailing
At the grave of their departed,
Shung-ga-nunga, safely hidden
In the brush along the river,
Waited for the weeping widow,
For the widow of Wah-tun-gah,



TYPICAL INDIAN WITH HIS WIVES

For the mother of Me-nung-gah.
Long he waited in the darkness,
Tired, foot sore, worn and weary,
Dropping off in fitful slumber
Till at last he was awakened
By the voices of the women,
Wailing as they left their wigwams,
Weeping for their dear departed.
Then he knew the hated Pawnees
Must have killed a goodly number
Of his former tribe the Kon-zas.
Eagerly he scanned the faces
Of the wailing, crying women,
As they passed toward the hill-top
Where their fallen ones were buried
In the rocks upon the hill-tops.
Soon he saw Me-nung-gah's mother,
Then he spoke and beckoned to her.
When she recognized the features
Of the messenger before her,
She was glad to hear the story
Of the rescue of her daughter
And her prospects for the future.
But, said she to Shung-ga-nunga,
"I can never leave the Kon-zas,
That were loyal to Wah-tun-gah
Who lies buried on the hill-top,
And for whom you see me mourning.
Now the chief is Ish-toh-la-zha,
"Spotted eyes," Me-nung-gah's brother.
He is young and I must help him
Bear the burden of the Kon-zas;
Tell my daughter to be faithful
To the young chief Wah-ho-bec-ca;
Warn him of the pale-faced stranger
With his deadly fire-water;
Tell him never more to drink it;
It will ruin as it ruined
All the once great tribe of Kon-zas;
Tell him we will keep our country

On the borders of the river
That flows down to the Mo-sho-jah,
Go, and may the great Wah-kun-dah
Speed you on your homeward journey.”
Then the mother of Me-nung-gah
Went and told to all her people
What the messenger had told her
Of the safety of her daughter,
Of the new tribe of the Pon-cas
Who would be their faithful allies,
And would help them fight the Pawnees
And restore their stolen ponies.
Then, forgetting for the moment
All their troubles and their sorrows,
All the Kon-zas met and feasted;
Held a war dance round the scalp-lock
Of the Pawnee who had stolen
And had borne away Me-nung-gah.
Stealthily, young Shung-ga-nunga
Stole his way back through the timber
Till he reached the open prairie;
Then he hastened, running swiftly
Over hills and through the valleys,
Straight as could have flown a raven
To the village of the Pon-cas,
Where he gave to Wah-ho-bec-ca
First, the message of the mother
Of his future wife, Me-nung-gah.

CANTO IX

THE WEDDING

When his parents heard the glad news,
They rejoiced with Wah-ho-bec-ca
And sent presents to Me-nung-gah.
Beads and ribbons they had purchased
In their dealings with the strangers
E'er they left the great Mo-sho-jah.

Then, as was the ancient custom,
They arranged that Wah-ho-bec-ca
Should be wedded to Me-nung-gah.
On the day that was appointed,
All the Indians were assembled
There to witness such a wedding
As they seldom ever witnessed.
This the wedding ceremony:
Wah-ho-bec-ca dressed in splendor,
As befit a royal chieftain,
Rode before a splendid pageant,
Many horses heavy laden
With such gifts as they were able
To bestow upon the people
With whom dwelt the fair Me-nung-gah.
Not a single word was uttered
As they passed in solemn concourse
Through the village of the Pon-cas,
To the Wigwam of Me-nung-gah.
There they found the maiden seated
Underneath a shady oak tree,
Seated on a robe of bison.
Not a look of recognition
Did she give to Wah-ho-bec-ca
As he came and sat beside her.
Then the chief began disrobing,
Spread his blanket down before him;
Then his shirt he placed upon it
Then his moccasins and leggings.
These were taken by the woman
With whom Me-nung-gah was staying.
Meanwhile, Wah-ho-bec-ca's mother
Took the presents they had brought her,
Placing them around Me-nung-gah,
Also brought she other raiment
Which she gave to Wah-ho-bec-ca.
With this ceremony over,
Leaving also many ponies
As the price of fair Me-nung-gah.
She, still robed in height of fashion

As became an Indian Princess,
Mounted on a splendid pony,
Led by proud young Wah-ho-bec-ca,
Rode she thus unto the Wigwam
Where resided Wah-ho-bec-ca.
Here again the pair were seated
On a splendid robe of bison.
Women then stripped off her clothing,
Giving to her new apparel.
And her lovely wedding garments
Were bestowed upon the mother
Of the bride-groom Wah-ho-bec-ca.
This bestowal of rich presents
Was an emblem of the friendship
Now established by two families
Through the bonds of sacred wedlock.
During all the ceremony
Not a word or pledge was spoken
By the bride or by the bride-groom,
Yet to them it was more binding
Than today are many weddings
Where by magistrate or preacher
Solemn pledges are exacted.

CANTO X

CONCLUSION

Wah-ho-bec-ca, thus established
As the husband of Me-nung-gah,
As the chief of all the Pon-cas,
Organized sub-chiefs and warriors
Ready to build up a nation
In the land of the Ne-blas-ka,
On the banks of great Flat-water.
Scouts and captains were selected
Who would guide the tribe in safety
From the country of the Konzas
To their new home of Ne-blas-ka,

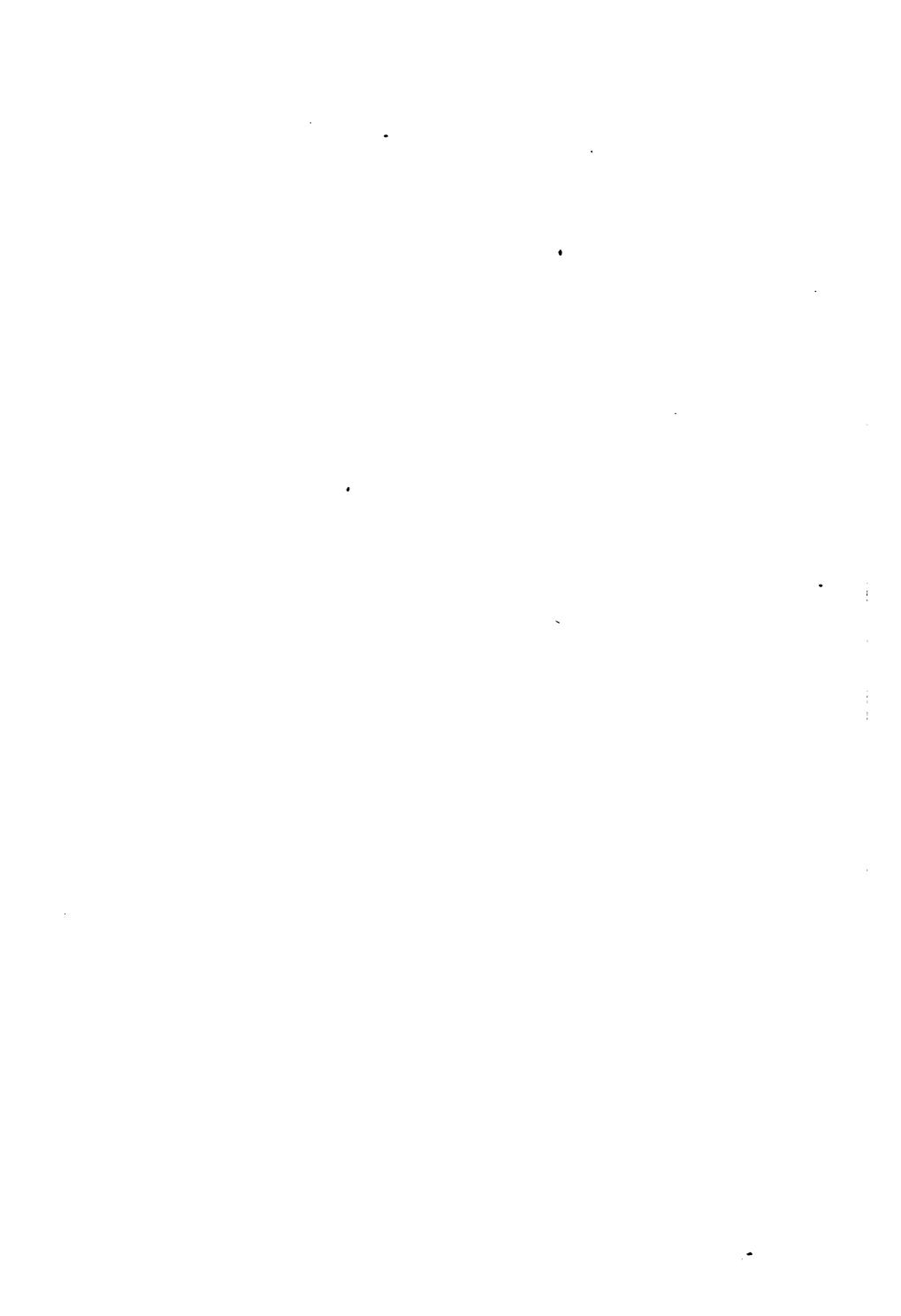
Where they soon became established
And remained for generations.
Soon the Kon-zas sold their country,
Sold two million splendid acres
On the borders of the Kon-zas.
West, through land where splendid cities
Have by white men since been builded,
This, the finest land in Kansas,
Sold for but ten cents per acre
By a treaty, made with agents
Sent from Washington to purchase
All the land owned by the Kon-zas.
Then the tribe moved from the Kon-za
To the valley of Ne-o-sho.
Where they dwindled from diseases
Down to bare six hundred members
Of the once great tribe of Kon-zas.
Then again they moved on southward
To the land of the Wah-shah-sha's
Where still live two hundred people,
All there left now of the Kon-zas
Who once owned the state of Kansas.
Other sections of this nation
Dwell on lands in Oklahoma;
All on friendly terms together,
Poncas, Quawpaws, and Wah-shah-shas,
Otoes and perhaps some others,
Who once formed the tribe of Kon-zas
E'er the white men came among them
With the deadly fire-water
That caused strife and sore dissensions,
Misery and degradation.

One alone of all the Kon-zas,
Has arisen to distinction.
Curtis, in the halls of Congress,
Though removed four generations
From his ancestors, the Kon-zas,
Ever to them has been loyal;
Striving always for their welfare;

Seeking in the halls of justice
Retribution for the evils
That the pale-face heaped upon them
In his dealings with the Indian.

Could the story of the Indians
And their dealings with the white man
Be portrayed in truthful writing;
How they have been robbed and cheated,
Driven out to face starvation;
How their women have been treated,
Dragged down into degradation,
How the innocent have suffered
For the misdeeds of the guilty;
How white men, disguised as Indians,
Have committed depredations
For the sake of gain and plunder;
Then to shield themselves have murdered
Indian women, men and children,
How our troops, in name of warfare,
Have in darkness stole upon them,
Shot them down, then mutilated,
As befits alone the savage,
Sparing none, not even children:
Would the record be a credit
To us as a civil people?
Is there wonder that the Indian,
Victim of such fiendish carnage,
Has by instinct learned to doubt us?
Do you wonder, gentle reader,
That the Indian seems so sullen?
That he shrinks from, doubts the white man?
Place yourself in his position,
From his own lips hear the story
As the writer oft has heard it.
Only then will you be able
Fully to give him the credit
That belongs to any nation
That has suffered cruel torture

By the hand of strong oppression.
If the story of Me-nung-gah
And the once great tribe of Kon-zas,
(Which is no exaggeration.)
Causes sober, sad reflection,
Warms the hearts of those who read it;
Gives to some a clearer vision
Of our dealings with the Indian,
Wrongs our race have perpetrated.
Then its purpose is accomplished.





GERONIMO. APACHE CHIEF
ENEMY OF THE KONZAS AND WHITE MAN

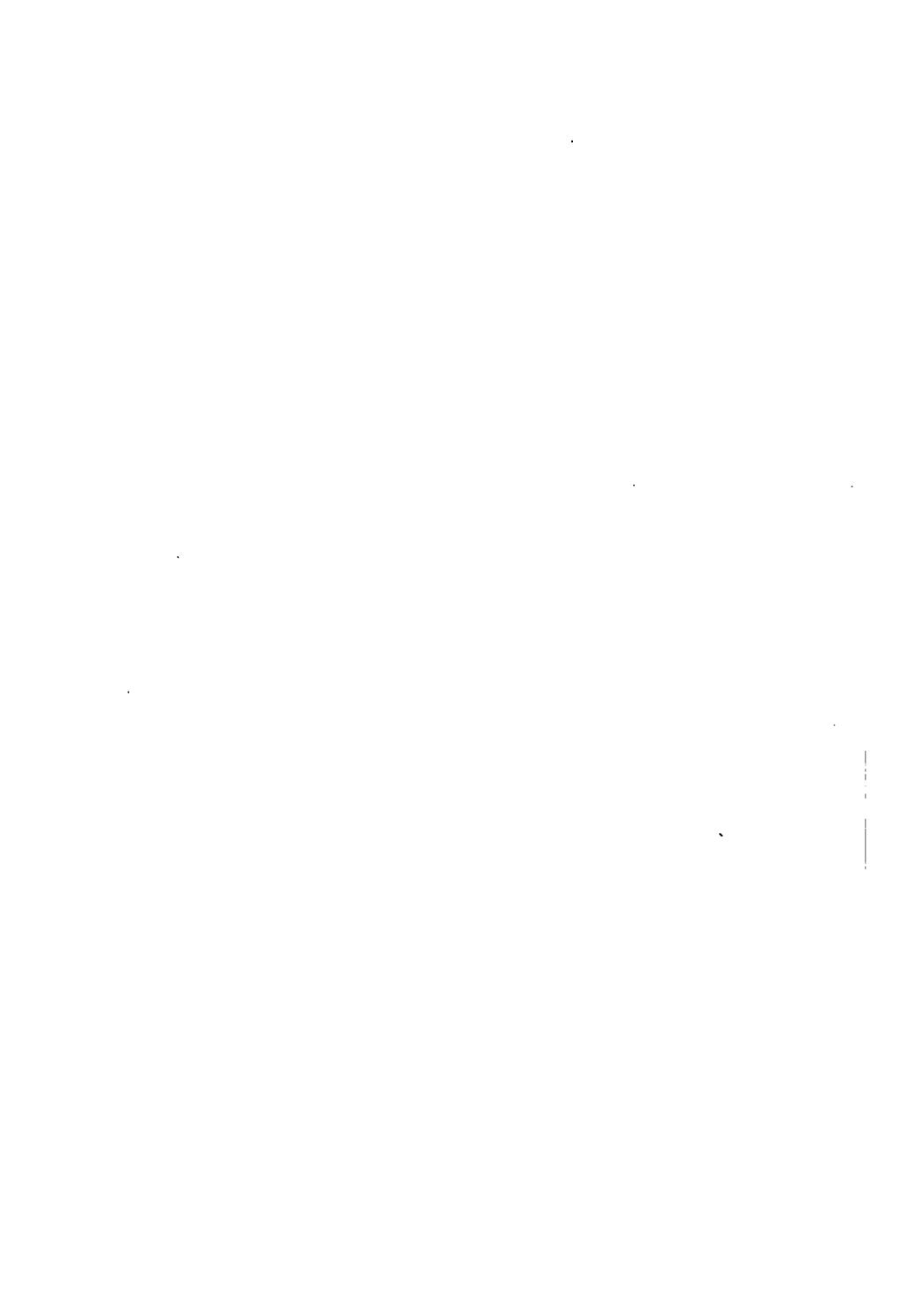


KONZA VOCABULARY

Cha-don-ga, Buffalo (male)
Cha-min-ga, " (female)
Cha-shin-ga, " (calf)
Ish-tah, eye
Ki-he-ga, chief
La-zha, spotted
Mo-sho-ja, smoke (Missouri River)
Mum-be-je, kinnikinic
Mo-he, knife
Mo-he-tun-ga, big knife
Mo-zho, country
Me-nung-gah, eldest daughter
Mus-che-tun-ga, jack rabbit
Muh-kuh, medicine
Muh-kuh-sob-ba, coffee
Ne-kah, man
Ne-kah-shin-ga, people
Ne-kah-shu-ja, red man (Indian)
Ne-skah-tun-ga, big white water (Mississippi
River)
Ne-shu-jah, red water (Arkansas River)
Ne, water
Ne-sku-ba, salt
Ne-blas-ka, flat water (Nebraska)
Pah-do-tun-ga, mountain
Pe-a-je-ne, whiskey (fire-water)
Pe-a-je, fire
Shin-gah-shin-gah, children
Shin-gah, little
Shu-jah, red
Skah, white
Sob-ba, black
Shun-ga, horse
Shun-ga, dog (Osage language)

Shun-ga-sob-ba, black dog
Se-cah, turkey
Shun-ga-nun-ga, running horse
Shun-ge-dah, dog
Shaw-nee, sugar
Tah-gu-hu, walnut
Tah-tun-gah, deer
Tah-cho-ge, antelope
Wah-si-sig-ga, braves
Wah-ko, woman
Wah-kun-dah, great spirit (God)
Wah-kun-dah-gee, doctor
Wah-tun-gah, the great
Wah-di-an-ga, undaunted (warriors)
Wah-ho-tah, the noise (gun)
Wah-ko-sa, corn
Wah-hu, bone
Wah-shah-sha, the name (Osage Tribe)
Yol-la, good
Zah-nee, all

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



OPPORTUNITY

Master of human destinies am I,
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk. I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise, before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate.
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not and I return no more.

The foregoing lines from the pen of the talented Ingalls, U. S. Senator from Kansas, 1873-91, have been more widely quoted, perhaps, than any of his other writings, and yet they seem to have little merit. This great country is teeming with opportunities and thousands have, in every department of human activity, proven the falsity of the assertion that opportunity knocks but once. I would amend as follows:

MAN

Master of Opportunity am I,
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities, Nations I build. I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote and passing by
Dwellers in hovel or palace, soon or late,
I reach at will, my coveted estate.
Courage and energy are mine, yea more;
Power I have to seal my fate.
Unless I choose to dally, doubt or hesitate,
I subdue and conquer every foe
Save death; my worth I can create,
Fearing not failure, penury or woe;
All vainly seek and uselessly implore
To drag me from ideals I adore.

Fearing not failure, penury or woe;
All vainly seek and uselessly implore
To drag me from ideals I adore.

THE AMERICAN DESERT

When the Lord of the heavens was finishing earth
With its marvelous beauty and wonderful worth,
And when he had coated with emerald green
The plain and the valley and mountainous scene
He found in his store-house a mountain of stuff,
Of shale dirt and other things still in the rough.

Pray what shall I do, thought the Ruler so kind,
And where can I pile up this rubbish I find?
The mountains I've made full of silver and gold
And other material of value untold;
It never will do to cover them deep
From the eyes of mankind forever to sleep.
The valleys and plains with their grasses and trees,
I cannot afford to cover up these.

So He sent out his angels all over the land,
To spy out a place where nothing but sand
And cacti and rocks were open to view,
Where rain never falls the earth to renew.

Soon in came an angel of beauty and grace,
Saying, "Lord I have found Thee a very fine place
Where the refuse of earth may be stored in a heap,
Where naught but the reptiles of poison may sleep.
Grim solitude stalks in the place I have found
And rain never falls to moisten the ground.
The heat of the sun scorches every thing green.
Indeed 'tis a desert, the place I have seen."
"Well done, faithful servant," the Lord then
replied.
"To finish the world, I am now satisfied."
Then He turned to His workmen and said with a
smile

"Throw the rubbish that's left in a long rugged pile
At the base of the Rockies, along the west side,
Where the reptiles of Satan within it may hide."

Twas done: and would thus in its solitude ever
remain
Had not the white man crossed over the plain.
He made streams of water run over the hills
And gladdened the soil with the brooks and the
rills.

Where grass never grew, he made it to grow,
Where trees never blossomed, he made them to
blow,
Where fruit never ripened the finest is grown,
The valleys, each year, with rich harvests are
strewn.
The guides of the railways are fulsome with praise
Of the wonderful crops the people can raise
Who reside in the valleys once barren of grain,
Where the water ditch now takes the place of the
rain;
Where cities are built of the rocks and the sand
That were dropped as a waste in this desolate land.
The sage brush and cactus have yielded their place
In the great onward march of the civilized race.

A RUINED LIFE

A beautiful maiden, with never a care,
With a father and mother so kind,
Was wooed by a lover, who thought she was fair
And to wed her he made up his mind.

He brought her rich gifts, so devoted he seemed
That she yielded at last to his plea,
And when in his presence and on her he beamed,
Became happy as happy could be.

The parents reluctantly gave their consent,
For their daughter was part of their life,
And they feared with her lot she would not be
content
In the duties devolving on wife.

They started in life, in the new atmosphere,
With prospects as bright as the sun,
The young wife was happy with husband so dear,
She was proud of the man she had won.

She eagerly watched at the close of each day
And longed for his loving embrace,
She had lonely hours when he was away
But basked in the smile of his face.

All things she could do as a dutiful wife,
She performed with a pleasure and charm
That should banish from man all the sorrow and
strife
That might trouble or give him alarm.

Some years were thus passed, without trouble or
care,
No thought except happiness reigned;
Each one satisfied with the treasure so rare,
The companionship pleasantly gained.

The husband, at last, lured away from his home
By those he believed to be friends,
Sought pleasure in drink, in the bibulous foam,
Where happiness too often ends.

The rest of the story why should I relate,
Why hold up such sorrow to view!
The fond loving wife and her sad ending fate,
Such stories are never more new.

THE MORNING GLORY

Oh, the glory of the morning,
What an awe-inspiring sight!

When the sun in all his splendor
Forms the daybreak from the night.

When there are no clouds to hinder,
Not a thing to intervene,
Then is when the perfect morning
In its glory may be seen.

First, a little hazy glimmer,
Shining like a streak of rust,
Shows along the east horizon
Clinging to the world's big crust.

In the far off west horizon,
Clouds like snow-capped mountains seem,
While the black woods of the forest
Change their hue along the stream.

All the colors of the rainbow
Streak the azure of the sky.
Oh, the glory of the morning
Is refreshing to the eye.

Rouse, ye sleepers, from your slumber,
Get an early morning view,
See the gems that always sparkle
In the early morning dew.

Hear the lowing of the cattle
As they saunter to the field;
Hear the singing of the wild birds
As they sweetest music yield.

Pen cannot portray the beauty
Of the dawning morning light,
When the sun in all his splendor
Forms the day from darkest night.

BACK TO THE FARM?

Harken the wild woods are calling me hence,
Away from the strife and the struggle intense;
Calling me back to the primitive days;
Back to the pleasures of forefather's ways;
Back to the woods where I once loved to roam;
Back to my native, my old country home.

I am weary of life full of stirring events,
Weary of city ways, taxes and rents;
Weary of struggle to earn daily bread,
Give me the free country air in its stead.
Give me the farm with its pastures and grain;
With its horses and cattle and hogs for my gain;
Give me the garden, the orchard and fruit;
Give me the tea from the sassafras root;
Give me the pleasures I had in my youth
Where I found enjoyment in deed and in truth;
The old swimming-hole in the beautiful brook;
The fish that I caught with my own little hook;
The fun that I had in the old district school,
When I smiled at my girl disregarding the rule.
Baseball was unknown but then "three cornered
cat"
Was a game that we played with a ball and a bat.
Oh the city boy knows not the pleasures and joys
That we old fellows had when we were just boys.

* * * * *

I am back on the farm, but the pleasures forsooth,
Why didn't some kind friend tell me the truth?
The old roads are paved with the thickest of mud
That bring me to earth with a sickening thud.
The farm is worn out 'till it can't sprout a bean;
Not a friend of my childhood not one have I seen;
The fences are down, the old orchard is dead,
And a sassafras thicket has grown up instead.
'Tis plain I can't live on the sassafras tea,
So it's back from the farm to the city for me.

I WISH I KNEW

I wish I knew what makes the world
Speed on in endless flight.

I wish I knew what makes the sun
Change darkness into light.

I wish I knew how far in space
This world might fly without a turn.

I wish I knew what makes the suns
Of all this universe to burn.

I wish I knew whence came the power
That set in motion all the worlds.

I wish I knew whence this earth came
And why through space it ceaseless whirls.

But why wish I such knowledge great.
When little things I do not know?

Why, I know not whence come the trees,
Nor why the grass and flowers grow!

I know not why the leaves are green
While flowers are white or red or blue.

These little things I cannot know
But still I think, and wish I knew.

COL. R. T. VAN HORN*

(*Read at a Reception to the Colonel by his friends,
1911, Westport, Mo.*)

Too often in this busy world
Where greed of gain has come to rule,
Where Mammon's banner is unfurled,
And money makes the man a fool,

We fail to recognize true worth
And pay the homage that is due,

To men who are the salt of earth,
To men of honest hearts and true;

Too oft are we, in latter days,
Prone to bow down at golden shrine,
And give to men unstinted praise,
Whose greatest merit is their "mine."

But 'mid the struggle and the strife
That leads to power of wealth alone,
We honor here a man whose life
With upright acts and deeds has shone.

Nor do we wait till he is gone
To realms beyond the starry skies,
To speak the words that men are prone
Too oft to speak through weeping eyes.

The guest we honor, ripe in years,
Still lives to hear the praise we sing,
Nor have we slightest doubts or fears,
That long his praises still shall ring.

The men who honor him the most,
The men who love Van Horn the best,
Respond today to this our toast,—
"Van Horn, the leader of the West."

As editor and statesman great,*
He stood for everything that's good;
A pioneer of this great state,
Our future needs he understood.

He was not swerved from path of right
By lure of promised worldly gain,
But wrote and fought with all his might,
For principles he would maintain.

*Col. Van Horn was for many years editor of the Kansas City Journal and one of the founders and builders of the city.

He was among the first to see,
When this was but a little town,
A city here whose destiny
Would give the West her great renown.

Long may he live, and see each morn
The ripening fruit where his own hand
Has planted trees that since have borne
In this our own fair western land!

THE PASSERS-BY

It's an interesting study, just to stand upon the street
And to watch the coming, going, of the people as they meet;
There's a study in the faces, of the passing multitude
That is very fascinating, though but little understood.

There's the upright man of business, with a firm and steady tread,
Followed by the unsuccessful, who has never earned his bread;
Then a proud and haughty fellow, who would fellow mortals spurn
If he didn't want to borrow, rather than to work and earn.

There is Mr. Parsimonious, who would rob his mother's grave,
With his head bowed down and thinking how he may a nickel save.
Then comes Mr. Jolly Spendthrift with a lot of father's cash
That he spreads around quite lavishly for beer and sour mash.

Next, a tiny little newsboy who may one day be
a Sage,
And is earning lots of money for a fellow of his age;
Then you see an aged woman with a look of sad
despair,
Struggling hard to earn a living in a world that
seems unfair;

Then a rich and gaudy "lady" who walks care-
fully around,
Lest she brush against the woman with the poverty
profound.
She is followed by another with a sweet and smil-
ing face
Who hands the poor some money then resumes her
rapid pace.

So all day a mighty concourse "many men of
many minds,"
If you count how many people you will know how
many kinds,
For although they may resemble, yet no two are
just alike,
And a student of the faces can the differences
strike.

A LITTLE HEROINE

Many stories of heroes are written and told,
Of valorous deeds on the field
Where men have braved danger by courage so
bold,
That, to the whole world, they appealed.

But looking more closely we often may find
A purpose that's hidden from view,
Of the man or the woman in helping mankind
In a fire or a perishing crew.

But the dear little sister who fought for the child
 Her mother had placed in her care,
Had a heart that was true, which no motive
 defiled,
 And a presence of mind that was rare.

When Katie discovered her dress was on fire,
 She rushed to the dear baby's side,
With only one thought and a single desire—
 Save baby, she would, though she died.

The flames were extinguished and Mollie was
 saved
 By the sweet little heroine bold,
Who fought, without thinking the danger she
 braved,
 Being only herself, five years old.

Then hastening to mamma, to tell their distress,
 Poor Katie discovered too late,
The fire had ignited her own little dress
 And she was soon fighting 'gainst fate.

At the hospital, treated with tenderest care,
 "I saved little baby," she cried,
Then closing her eyes, little Katie so fair,
 As a genuine heroine died.

THE STOVE PROBLEM

There are troubles that come all through a man's
 life,
Some less and some greater, 'twixt husband and
 wife,
But one I shall mention (now don't think it small)
It is getting the stove to its place in the fall.

The very first trouble is getting it black,

Then in lifting it 'round you will sprain your old
back;

The grate you will find is as rotten as eggs,
And to make the pipe fit you must prop up the legs.

Then in propping it up you will let a block slip,
And down comes the pipe, lighting square on
your lip,

Now when the black soot scatters over the floor,
Your wife, though an angel, will make a loud roar.

But in placing the pipe your worst trouble begins,
When you fall from a chair and 'bark' both of
your shins,

You give a wild kick at the tottering chair,
And though you're a saint, you'll at least think a
swear.

One joint is too big and the other's too small,
And you can't make the pipe fit the hole in
the wall;

So take our advice, save an annual row
By getting a man in the trade who knows how.

THE GALVESTON STORM

(Written in 1898 a day or two after the great Tidal-
Wave swept over the city, destroying over five
thousand lives.)

On the sun-kissed coast of the southern sea
Where the children bathed in merry glee
As they watched the heaving waves roll in;
They heard in the distance a roaring din.

Higher and higher the white-caps rolled,
Yet, fearing no danger, the bathers strolled
On the sparkling beach where they oft had
played,

Where storms had seldom their hearts dismayed.

Still higher and higher the billows came
As a roaring lion pursues his game,
Till one by one the victims fell
And were swallowed up by that watery hell.

Onward it rushed, the maddening flood,
As a beast impelled by the taste of blood;
And, not content with lives a score,
It swallowed up a thousand more!

Now thoroughly frightened, the people screamed,
And through the streets they wildly streamed:
“Oh God, will this fury never abate
In its onward march of fiendish hate?”

One thousand, two thousand, three, four, five!
Will any in mercy be spared to live?
Strong men, mothers and babes are torn,
Yes all alike, from their loved ones shorn.

Four thousand dwellings from moorings rent
E'er the terrible storm its fury spent;
Five thousand lives in a single day
Were swallowed up in Galveston Bay.

WASHINGTON

Was first in war because he fought
For principles of right;
Was first in peace because he knew,
That mankind should not fight.

Was first in all the loyal hearts
That loved their country well,
And knew how hard their leader fought
That they in peace might dwell.

He stands like some great beacon light
As onward speeds the race;
We pause each year for retrospect,
To gaze upon his face.

Not space nor age can dim the rays
That light his life sublime,
But brighter grow his living acts
Throughout the years of time.

Let those who would the leaders be,
In Nation or in state,
Read, ponder and reflect on deeds
That made this leader great.

No act of his can be construed
To selfishness and greed;
His aim to benefit mankind,
Is what gave him the lead.

No children lived to bear his name,
But all are proud to own
That this grand country we possess
Was sired by Washington.

KANSAS AT FIFTY

Really are you only fifty?
Is this true your rightful age?
For so young you're mighty thrifty
With the wisdom of a sage.

From a country wild and lonely
With its prairies bleak and bare,
Habited by Indians only,
You have grown and now are fair.

Early settlers caught the spirit,
Indigenous to Kansas soil,

Cowards learned to dread and fear it,
Shrinking from the conquerors' toil.

But that spirit never faltered
Through the dark and stormy days,
With high purpose, never altered,
Through the rifts it saw bright rays.

Though it sometimes met disaster,
It has never known defeat;
Took new courage, grew the faster,
Never knew how to retreat.

Rich in horses, swine and cattle,
Rich in wheat and oats and corn;
In the foremost of life's battle,
Growing richer night and morn.

Kansas in her banks has millions
That her great resources earn,
And she yet will reach the billions,
For this goal her people yearn.

Only one thing yet is needed,
(Relic of dark ages past)
Woman's voice is not yet heeded,
But her rights will come at last.

Men in ignorance have voted
To maintain unequal rights;
But this age for progress noted,
Quick should end these ancient slights.

Legislators do your duty
To relieve this mighty wrong,
Then will Kansas shine in beauty,
Hitherto unknown in song.

January, 1911.

THE GRAY AND THE BLUE

(Written for a reunion of the Gray and the Blue)

We meet in common fellowship,
The Blue meets with the Gray
To talk of days long past and gone
On this—our banquet day.

No discord mars the happiness,
Old Time hath had full sway,
Our ranks that once were well filled up,
Grow thinner day by day.

In war we had one common thought,
It was to save our home,
Thank God, the end for which we fought
To both alike has come.

Two flags we had, we now have one,
But it has all the stars,
And strange to say, with order changed,
It also has the bars.

Some one has said that "war is hell,"
To this all must agree,
To read of battles may sound well,
"Twas hell to you and me.

The Blue won laurels on the field,
But all things earthly stop,
By looking at their heads today
You'll see the Gray's on top.

JOHN BROWN

(Read at the unveiling of a marble statue by Negroes
at Western University, Kansas City, Kan., 1911)

We meet on freedom's ground today
To celebrate the deeds

Of one who gave his life to show
Devotion to our needs.

No monument was needed here
In honor of his name;
In story and in song are told
His glory and his fame.

The story of John Brown is known
Wherever freedom reigns,
His deeds of valor fire the blood
In every freeman's veins.

The cruel hand of fate decreed
That Brown should lose his life,
But his example set the pace
For freeman's greater strife.

The soul of Brown goes marching on,
His body in the grave,
Recalls the sacrifice he made
To free his friend, the slave.

When future generations see
The marble statue here,
They will not fail the memory
Of John Brown to revere.

TRIBUTE TO WOMAN

Oh beautiful woman, with heart that is pure,
What has God ever formed that is nobler and
truer?

E'en the look of her eye and the smile of her face,
Speak in eloquent praise of her beauty and grace.

With devotion and love she is passing thru life,
A beautiful girl or a dutiful wife;
A doting companion who clings until death.

And beams still her love with the last passing breath.

A sister, a daughter, whatever her sphere,
She is ours to love and our own to revere.
The higher man honors her true womanhood,
The higher he soars toward all human good.

Her great heart of love that embraces the earth,
Forgetting not even the lowly of birth,
Reaches out to uplift and respond to the call,
For humanity's sake, both the great and the small.

Pray who would deny to these angels of light,
A voice and a vote in a citizens' fight,
Where men without morals now freely partake,
Where the welfare of children and home is at stake.

The fathomless depth of a woman's true love
Is recorded alone by the angels above;
Then restrict not her sphere in the land of the free,
Lest we fail to attain the great goal, Liberty.

A SONG OF PEACE

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord"
When Peace shall rule triumphant over bullet and
the sword,
When men by arbitration shall confirm a Nation's
word,
As Peace goes marching on.

Glory, Glory, etc.

In the halls of arbitration I can hear the willing
sound
That shall echo thru the nations as it spreads the
world around,

"No war is necessary and our Peace is held profound"

As we go marching on.

CHO.

I can hear the emissaries, that shall settle all disputes,

Talking freely with each other, without emulating brutes,

I can see their kindly actions bearing earth her choicest fruits

As Peace goes marching on.

CHO.

I can hear the ringing anvil beating spears to pruning hooks,

I can see the swords in plow shares by the side of babbling brooks

I can read of warfare's glory only in the ancient books,

As Peace goes marching on.

CHO.

I can see the smile in heaven, on our God the Prince of Peace,

Who has told us in His Record that on earth all war shall cease,

Whose power and whose kingdom shall forever more increase

As we go marching on.

CHO.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me"

Peace and good will was the motto by which all should be made free

Our God is marching on.

CHO.

JUSTICE AND REASON

(Suggested by a Supreme Court Decision, 1911.)

In the bountiful realms of this beautiful world,
There is air for us all to breathe,
And the water that falls from the heavens above,
Quenches thirst for the people beneath.

There is labor for all in this beautiful world;
There is pay for the people who toil;
Why should any go hungry that others may gorge
From the bountiful crops of the soil.

The robber, who stealthily steals in the night
Would be quickly deprived of his gain,
By the schemer who robs us in open daylight,
Under guise of the law, it is plain.

When the people shall learn that all robbers alike
Whether "chartered" or not must be caught,
Then the bountiful crops of this beautiful world
Will not be found growing for nought.

When the toiler shall get every thing that he earns
And protection be made to protect,
Not the few but the many, for whom laws are
made,
Then the law will command more respect.

When "justice" and "reason" shall go hand in
hand,
And judges shall treat them alike,
Restraining oppression wherever it's found
There will then be no cause for a "strike."

THE MORNING FLY

Of all the pests that roam the earth,
The mountain, sea or sky,

The meanest one that ever breathed
Is the early morning fly.

He moves around at early dawn
When you are in repose,
And scorning every other place
He lights upon your nose.

You 'waken with a sudden start,
And aim the pest to swat,
When to the ceiling straight he flies
To view some other spot.

Again in slumber you relapse
To finish up your dreams,
That fly comes buzzing back to you
On mischief bent, it seems.

He lights upon your nose or ear
And tickles with his feet,
Determined he will drive away
Your morning nap, so sweet.

The early bird may get the worm
Not so the early fly,
He gets the dearest thing on earth,
The slumber from your eye.

Give me all bugs of every kind,
All pests beneath the sky,
But save me from that horrid thing,
The early morning fly.

MEMORIAL DAY

We meet on this Memorial day,
To scatter flowers on the grave
Where comrades sleep beneath the sod
Who fought the union cause to save.

Like-wise the friends of those we fought,
Are gathered on the sacred field,
Where sleep the loved ones they have lost,
Who in that struggle had to yield.

One common country now is ours,
No malice harbored in our thought;
We love the glorious stars and stripes,
The union we have dearly bought.

The men who fought are falling fast,
Each year we see our ranks decrease,
And as we yearly older grow
We more revere our land of peace.

Our every wish and hope and prayer,
Is that no war will e'er again
Bestrew our country's sacred soil
With blood of fellow mortals slain.

And, as we gather year by year,
To thus commemorate our dead;
We know not who will be the next
To sleep where we have flowers spread.

ON THE SAME.

Scatter flowers for the soldier,
Keep his memory always dear,
He it was who fought for country,
Drop for him the silent tear.

Scatter flowers, scatter garlands,
Keep the memory ever green,
Of the friends who have departed
To the land beyond, unseen.

Let the thought be not forgotten,
We are passing one by one,

And another year may witness
That our race on earth is done.

Like the grasses we must wither,
Like the flowers we must fade,
Time for us is only borrowed,
Death for us is but delayed.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

The strenuous life is the one you should lead,
If you would get every thing that you need,
Go on in the world with vigor and dash
And you may be certain of landing the cash.

Boosting your town and booming your land,
In everything going just take a full hand,
Drive your own business, making things go,
Running a bank or wielding a hoe.

Never look backward but always ahead,
With nothing to fear and with nothing to dread;
Pushing or pulling, but not holding back,
Keep everything moving, and stay on the track.

Your bones may all ache, and your body be sore,
The sweat may be oozing from every pore,
But keep up the gait till you land at the goal,
It is better for you both in body and soul.

These are strenuous times and the strenuous man
Will do everything on the strenuous plan,
Working or playing, whatever you do,
Be earnest and active and you will pull through.

THE WIND

*The wind bloweth where it listeth; Thou hearest
the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh
nor whither it goeth.—BIBLE.*

"The wind blows where it listeth,"
An ancient prophet wrote.
He could not tell just where it went
For dust his eye then smote.

It has been so until this day,
The wind produces sound,
But we can't tell just where it goes
For dust that's flying round.

But curious man will never stop
Until he learns the truth,
He'll take an aeroplane and go
To where it ends, forsooth.

A KANSAS CYCLONE

A severe windstorm at Cleveland, Ohio, killed four people, wounded twenty more, upset boats on the lake and destroyed many buildings, May 31, 1911.—NEWS ITEM.

A "Kansas cyclone" got away
When no one watched the other day,
And landed out at Put-in Bay,
 And Cleveland in Ohio.

It killed a few and wounded more,
And made Lake Erie fairly roar
As onward in its course it tore,
 At Cleveland in Ohio.

It bounded on to good old Penn.
And swept the mountain, dale and glen,
Before it left the earth again
 Near Cleveland in Ohio.

My eastern friends, it will not do,
Our cyclones must not visit you,

To wreck your boats and drown your crew,
At Cleveland in Ohio.

You call it "windstorm," it is true,
But houses wrecked, its pathway strew,
And high in air the victims flew,
At Cleveland in Ohio

Out here in Kansas we are prone
Ohio winds, to call "cyclone,"
When there is no more damage done,
Than Cleveland in Ohio.

MONEY MATCHES

The man with the money, gets many a girl
With an automobile and a boulevard whirl;
Her cheeks with a rapturous ecstasy glow
As she sees herself in for a glittering show.

A trip to the ball room or theatre's made,
And she wonders how easy the money is paid;
She lives on excitement, with life's buoyant hope,
Meanwhile the young moneybags "tightens the
rope."

He feeds her on bon bons and "taffy" galore,
Never gives her a chance to e'en wish for more;
At a critical time she will yield to his will,
His wooing words winning her heart with a thrill.

Announcement is made that a wedding's to be,
And a furor is raised with the girl in her glee.
"What a beautiful match" all the gossips declare,
"How lucky is Elsie, her capture is rare."

The wedding day comes, what a glorious sight,
The bride fairly beams in her perfect delight,
The presents she gets are a joy to behold,
And she revels in treasures of silver and gold.

Having captured his "beauty," the groom is content,

And again on the club-life his mind becomes bent;
The bride in her confidence, would not complain
And hides from his lordship her heartache and pain,

She lingers alone till away in the night
And wonders perchance if "he's" doing just right,
Then "willing ear" comes for a brief little call
And to tell of a festival, party or ball.

The wife then remembers the happy old days,
The parties, the balls, and the theatre plays.
She sighs to herself for the days that are past,
And wonders how long her condition will last.

The gossip is quick to perceive her distress
And drop a remark that will cause her to guess:
"Can the vows he has taken so soon be forgot,
An affinity? Oh no, I know he has not!"

But the truth becomes known for a "murder will out,"
And knowledge soon comes in the place of a doubt;
The sequel comes swiftly,—the court like a mill,
Grinds out the divorce, having found a "True bill."

The wives who are happy did not marry in haste,
Nor in money alone is their confidence placed.
They waited in patience and found a true heart,
And such when united, why, never can part.

THE SAVAGE

"The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

The Indian is known as a savage,
And you would be savage too,

If your every thought and action,
Your enemy did misconstrue.

If your lands had been taken from you,
And your herds of game destroyed;
If your wife and your children were hungry,
Your stomach an aching void.

If the crime that another committed
You were made to suffer for,
You would learn in course of a life time,
The guilty one to abhor.

Could the savage man tell his story,
And give the whole truth to you,
You would better be able to judge him
And give credit where credit is due.

PLUG TOBACCO

Despised above all earthly things
By women who eschew it,
Who beg their husbands not to chew,
And yet their husbands do it.

All other things the women ask,
The men will do with pleasure,
Except give up the dear old plug,
Their nasty, dirty treasure.

At night the husband fondly yearns
For welcome and repose,
The loving wife prepares for him
By stopping up her nose.

When husband gives a fond embrace,
(Some people call it hug)
The wife accepts with seeming grace,
(Her mind is on the plug).

TO A YOUNG LADY OF TWENTY-FIVE

A lovely girl, the poet's theme,
Is likewise too, the lover's dream;
And since the day that Adam dared
To eat the fruit Eve with him shared,
There scarce has been a woman born
Who could not make some man forlorn,
If she refused the morsel sweet
He craved to make his life complete.

For woman, men have lost their farms
And all their wealth just for her charms;
Have sacrificed an honored name,
Then placed upon her all the blame;
While she, God bless her, could not help
Her winning ways that charmed the whelp.

The women sometimes lionize
The man who captures some sweet prize,
While her they view with upturned nose
And slyly whisper, "there she goes."
Thus for an hundred thousand years
Has woman striven through her tears
To overcome wrong prejudice,
And live with man in equal bliss.

Thank God, the day is dawning fast
When woman, not as in the past,
Will be thought of, not as a slave
To gratify inhuman knave,
But be allowed by every race
Along with man to take her place.

Such girls as you, have done their share
To give their sex this treatment fair,
And though you have a tender heart
You will not with it freely part.
The man who gets you must be brave
But of you cannot make a slave.

You now have passed the giddy age
When marrying is all the rage,
And reached the state of womanhood
Implying everything that's good.

Fear not that you have missed your chance,
Your age does but your charms enhance,
And some one yet will realize
In you he's found a richer prize
Than silly girl yet in her teens,
Who knows not what true wifehood means.

THE MAN WITH AN AXE

"The man with a hoe" is a notable man
And does all the good that he possibly can,
But the pioneer workman who made the first
tracks,
Was the old fashioned fellow, the man with an axe.

With a gun on his shoulder, he braved the wild
wood
To hew out a home, while he well understood
That some sly Indian hunter might levy a tax
On the hair of the head of the man with an axe.

But braving all danger, this pioneer came
At the head of the multitude feasting on game;
He had the true courage that many one lacks,
Did the bold Indian fighter, the man with an axe.

Some think it takes pluck, on the bare grassy plain,
To plow up a field and then plant it with grain,
But when you come down to the cold barren facts,
He deserves the most credit—the man with an axe.

Put yourself in his place, on a farm full of trees,
With no music but birds and the wild bumblebees,
With a field full of stumps, see your courage relax,
But this never was so with the man with an axe.

The stumps will decay and the trees disappear
And the farmers may plough with no Indians to
fear
But do not forget the logs rolled up in stacks
By the sweat of the brow of the man with an axe.

God bless the old man with the hoary white head,
Let him rest in sweet peace in a soft downy bed,
Let him sit in the chairs with the soft cushioned
backs,
The pioneer woodman, the man with an axe.

STORY OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

In the fall of the year when the frosts come on
And the flowers of summer are dead and gone,
There's a beautiful flower, I love it well,
And am asked in rhyme its story to tell.

It is said that in springtime a field was arrayed
With the loveliest flowers, where the children
played,
Where they gathered bouquets as they went to
school,
To give to the teacher who wielded the rule.

In the fall of the year, when they crossed the field
Where in springtime their merry laughter pealed,
They found that the flowers had disappeared,
And even the grass was brown and seared.

The only live thing that could be seen
Was a homely weed that still was green;
This, the horses and cattle refused to eat,
And trampled it down beneath their feet.

The homely weed heard the children sigh,
And to gladden their hearts it thought to try;
“I will grow on my branches of homely green
“The handsomest flowers that ever were seen.”

So it chanced as the children romped one day
Across the field in their gladsome play,
They were startled, and seemed almost struck
 dumb
When there they espied a chrysanthemum.

And this is the story, though briefly told,
Of the flower that now has grown so bold
That it grows when no other dares to grow,
And gives in the winter an annual show.

Even Kings and Queens are proud to room
In a palace where lovely chrysanthemums bloom,
And all who behold their plumage bright
Are filled with amazement and delight.

DARING

A beautiful face is a dangerous thing
 For a beautiful woman to wear,
Since men are inclined to desire to embrace
 All the beautiful women they dare.

And a woman with beauty of face and of form,
 Charms which, it is true, are not rare,
Is so constituted she hates to resist
 The fellow who dares make a dare.

Especially so, if the fellow, by chance,
 Has a manly and dignified air;
The woman will think, with a sly roguish glance,
 From him I would not take a dare.

Now some may deny what I say to be true,
 But just look around anywhere,
And think of the men who in person you knew
 Who would not make some lady a dare.

And then try to think of a beautiful maid
 Who, knowing no other was there,

Would scream and would flee from a fellow who
said
“I dare you, will you take a dare?”

It is true she might pout and might try to look
mad,
Might the maiden with features so fair,
But down in her heart, would the lady be glad
That the fellow had made her a dare.

A PANSY

Close to mother earth you nestle,
In your little bed of green,
Drawing from her every color
That the world has ever seen;
Whence such beauty, is a marvel
That no one can understand,
God alone effects such wonders
With His skillful unseen hand.

CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS

O beautiful, fragrant and delicate flowers,
Pray who would suspect that you grew
On a crab-apple tree, with its thorny rough
limbs
Presented in winter to view?

Pray why are your limbs covered over with
thorns,
So repulsive to boys who would climb
And whence do you get in the spring of the
year
Your beauty and fragrance sublime?

The wise robin knows that in you she will find
A protected and lovely retreat,

Where her young she may rear, 'mid your
blossoms and thorns,
Surrounded by odors so sweet.

Perhaps it is true that you love the sweet
birds,
With their songs of innocent glee,
For this, we forgive you for growing the thorns
Dear homely, sweet crab-apple tree.

MOTHER

(*Written in memory of my beloved mother, Rachel
Stubbs. Born December 7, 1827. Died
November 7, 1893.*)

Mother is the theme of thousands
Who have written of her charms,
But no one perhaps, has told you
Of her who held me in her arms.

Was there ever such devotion
As my mother dear displayed?
Always finding some new duty,
Seeking not to be repaid.

She was not alone my mother,
Others called her mother too,
Even strangers whom she sheltered,
Serving them as best she knew.

To know mother, was to love her,
Ever gentle, loving, kind,
Modest with her many virtues,
Weak in body, strong in mind.

Many times she neared the border
Of life's rolling, fitful sea,
But was spared for useful purpose
Until eighteen ninety-three.

At three-score and six she yielded
Life and all its pleasures here,
And we trust her sainted spirit
Revels in a brighter sphere.

She is gone but not forgotten,
Oft she visits me in dreams;
Visit never was more real
Than her dreamland visit seems.

Mother dead is worth a thousand
Selfish friends we meet on earth,
Mother's is the truest friendship
Ever formed from childhood's birth.

Other friends desert and leave you
In your hour of greatest need,
Mother's love and mother's friendship
Is the kind that's true indeed.

Mother, be my guardian angel
Mother, let me never stray
Where thy loving dreamland visits
Will not come to cheer my way.

TO THE MOUNTAINS

Majestic heights, your lofty peaks
O'er looking valley, hill and plain,
Surpass imagination's flights
And fill with awe our wondering brain.

How came you thus to rear aloft
Your rocky crags and rugged peaks?
Whence came the seed of sturdy pine
That silently your grandeur speaks?

From 'neath your granite walls sublime,
Your wealth of copper, silver, gold,

You yield unstinted at our call,
And yet your riches are untold.

Your sparkling waters, flowing down,
To gladden valley, slope and plain,
Bespeak for you our gratitude,
And constitute great source of gain.

At first your rugged heights repelled
The onward march of iron and steel;
But like the lower hills and plain,
You have been made man's power to feel.

The iron horse, your solitude
Is penetrating far and wide,
And from your slopes reverberate
His thrilling notes from side to side.

We bow before your hoary heads
At this, the close of one more year,
Well knowing that though we depart
You will forever still be here.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

(*On learning he had published another book, 1900*)

Dear Riley, you have "gone and done"
The very thing that I would do
If I knew how to write a book
That folks would read as they read you.

I, too, am from the Hoosier state
But left when I was just a boy;
The things you write recall to mind
My happy days of childish joy.

The woods in which I hunted squirrels,
And rabbits too, and ripe pawpaws,

Or ate ripe beechnuts to my fill
And feasted on the sweet black haws.

How well do I recall the days
Of childhood pleasures you describe
Before my parents moved out west
To educate the Kon-za tribe.

My playmates changed from white to red,
But mind you I had lots of fun
For Kansas has her squirrels too,
And I knew how to use a gun.

I had my pony all the time
And herded cattle on the green,
I gathered more and prettier flowers
Than Hoosier boys have ever seen.

I had my bows and arrows too,
Like Indian boys with whom I played,
And often on the rabbits shy,
We'd make a regular Indian raid.

When I grew up to man's estate
I chased with them the buffalo,
Exciting scenes no Hoosier boy
Again will ever see or know.

The noble animals are gone,
The Indian, too, will disappear,
He thinks a happy hunting-ground
Will be for him the future sphere.

God bless you, Riley, and your work,
I love to read your every page,
Still may your days be lengthened out
Until you reach a ripe old age.

A TALE OF THE SEA

In the depths of the ocean a meeting was called
Of the animals dwelling at sea,
To determine what course to pursue, towards man
And his ultimate destiny.

The whale, being largest, was called to the chair,
He spouted it made his blood boil
To have a biped come out from the shore
And harpoon him just for his oil.

Years ago my ancestors, he said with a smile,
Found Jonah out swimming alone,
And swallowed him just to see what he would do,
It was then he discovered whale bone.

The shark, being called upon, made the next
speech,
Said that men are just awfully sweet,
And for his part to please let them alone
As they furnish the finest of meat.

The octopus said, that in speaking his mind,
He was angry at man it is true,
The way he was held to the scorn of the world,
Couldn't help but to make him feel blue.

The mackerel said he conducted a school,
And he never had liked it a bit
When man, swooping down, took his children away
And boxed them all up in a kit.

The salmon said he was against the whole race,
And would readily join in a plan
To keep him from sailing the ocean at all,
He'd seal him tight up in a can.

The walrus said he had the utmost contempt
For a man who could not find the pole,

And the seal said that woman, by wearing his skin,
Was putting the men in a hole.

The tarpon admitted that he was to blame
For many of man's greatest sins,
In giving my weight he tells fabulous lies,
Then the shark ate him down to the fins.

The crocodile wept and the whale blubbered too,
And the frog almost croaked in his glee,
As he sat on the shore and witnessed the fight
Over troubles 'twixt land and the sea.

When the speeches were over, an awful uproar,
Sad ending it is to this tale,
The chairman still ruled with a strong iron hand,
And the meeting adjourned in the whale.

TO A NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

Oh thou modest, brilliant beauty,
Fearing e'en a single ray
Of the glorious radiant sunlight,
That makes up the light of day.

Like some queen in Sultan's harem,
With thy form and feature veiled,
Destined that but few shall see thee,
None thy beauty has assailed.

Clothed for days with royal purple,
Pending from perpetual green,
'Till at last thy days are numbered,
Only once thou mayst be seen.

Native of the sandy desert
Whence thy matchless beauty grows,
Whence thy pearly perfect splendor
None but God eternal knows.

I LOVE TO LIE AND STEAL

I love to lie 'neath the cooling shade
Of the sheltering friendly trees,
Where the scorching heat of summer sun
Is tempered by southern breeze.

I love to steal from the busy throng
That swarms the sweltering street,
And spend the days of sun's hot rays
In country and mountain retreat.

I love to lie in the morning hour,
Refreshed from an all-night-sleep,
And steal the stillness most profound
Before the day dawn's peep.

Yes I love to lie, and I love to steal
When rest for my nerves I need,
From the noise and strife of city life,
Do you think it is wrong indeed?

UNWRITTEN POEMS

It is not the poems we've written
That are gems of most beautiful thought,
'Tis the ones that we see in dreamland
That the world beholdeth not.

They come to us in the night time,
When they know that we cannot write;
They awaken us out of our slumber,
Then vanish quite out of our sight.

They linger, 'tis true, in the morning,
As lingers the fragrant flower
That fills the room with sweet fragrance
In its fading and vanishing hour.

Pray where do our dream thoughts come from?
And why do they come in rhyme?
And whither pray tell are they going?
Perhaps they'll return in time.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL

(The old trail is now marked throughout its course with granite rocks from Kansas City to Santa Fe, New Mexico.)

In the great onward march of the civilized race,
The making of trails is the pioneer's place,
And none but the brave ever dare to embrace
This work, fraught with peril and danger.
The men who first dared to cross over the plain,
Where game and wild horses, at will o'er the main,
Roamed over the fields, now dotted with grain,
Were to fear, nor to hardship, a stranger.

Day after day, in the boiling hot sun,
Their hearts full of hope and their hand on the gun,
No matter what danger, they never would run,
But pressed bravely on to the mountains;
Not contented to drink from the slow, sluggish
streams
That course through the sands, reflecting sun-
beams,
Bright glittering gold in their visions and dreams,
They saw, higher up near the fountains.

Thus the brave pioneers of the Santa Fe Trail
Marched onward and thought not to doubt or to
fail,
Though for months they received neither message
nor mail,
From the world they were hidden completely.
No white man preceded to mark out the way.
The compass and sun were their guide night and
day;

They dared not alone from their party to stray,
Lest their scalps should be taken quite neatly.

The Indians around them continued to prowl;
By night the coyotes made a hideous howl,
And the bark of the dog and the screech of the owl
Was the music to which they must listen.
They rumbled along with a great wagon train,
While famished for water and praying for rain,
And chasing mirage—they chased it in vain,
'Twas only the sand and its glisten.

The fleet-footed antelope, bison and deer,
Dashed away from the strangers, with trembling
and fear,
Little dreaming although, that their doom was so
near
And would follow the trail and its winding;
But the Iron horse came in the wake of the trail
On its parallel beds made of polished steel rail,
Leaving steam in its path, like a white ribbon sail
And a great cloud of dust that was blinding.

With this conquering monster of iron and steel,
The Indian is conquered for woe or for weal,
And crushed 'neath the weight of the civilized heel
Of the pale-face, the trail-making stranger;
The bison and deer and the antelope, too,
With the coyote and wild-horse, have vanished
from view
And the waving grain grows where the wild grasses
grew,
On the plains of the once fearless ranger.

1905

THE SUMMER RAIN

When the summer is dry and the fields are parched
And clouds obscure not the sky,
The farmer feels that his hopes are gone,
For nothing will grow when it's dry.

But he toils along from morning to night,
Still hoping for showers to come
To stop the blight of the withering heat,
And bring him a harvest home.

At last, in the far distant west, a cloud
Peeps over, as much as to say:
Be patient dear farmer and keep down the weeds
For I am now coming your way.

As the clouds roll higher and higher, they sing
To the farmer a marvelous tune,
'Tis the voice of the lightning that's thundering
'round
In the early days of June.

No music so sweet to the farmer's ear,
No sight he has ever beheld,
So dear to his heart as the thunder's roar
And the rain that has drought dispelled.

TRIBUTE TO ROOSEVELT

Published in 1904

Oh, matchless man of many parts,
Well skilled in letters and the arts.
Of science too a marv'lous store,
Equipped as few who've gone before.
By cruel accident, though raised,
Thou art by all good people praised.
Thy friends are legion in the land
That's ruled by thee with steady hand.
Not fear nor favor hast thou shown,
In saving what was but thine own.
Thy gentleness with conquered foe
Does but inherent manhood show,
And proves to all the world around
Love for humanity profound.

The color line thou hast not drawn,
But men hast judged by brain and brawn.
Worth makes the man and not the skin,
An empty drum makes loudest din,
And those who would thy acts deride
Have greater faults they do not hide.
This is an age when things do move,
The man who moves them, people love.

To irrigate, demand was made,
Great Western plains in desert laid.
“They should be watered,” was the word
That, from the White House, people heard.
The congress moved, the act was done,
A million homes for people won.
Ripe grain will grow where cactus grew
In lands that only coyotes knew.

A great coal famine in the land
Brought by monopolistic hand,
Made countless thousands suffer cold,
Who could not buy with glittering gold.
Again the people found a friend
In time of need, strong help to lend.
The famine broke and warmth returned
Where cheerful embers had not burned.

“We need, must have, a great canal
Through which our ships can lightly sail,
Competing with the iron rail,”
The masses cried, “We must not fail,”
And to the White House, thoughts were
turned,
Where never good wish had been spurned.
Once more the man of action moved,
And by his acts his wisdom proved.
Postoffice frauds without reserve,
Were probed by him who has the nerve
To uphold law supreme above
All other objects of his love.

The railway mergers, too, were brought
By his command to come to naught.
The men who many millions own
Were at his hands no favors shown.
But why repeat in rambling mode
A story that's well understood?
Strong nations need strong men to hold
The people's rights 'gainst greedy gold.
Roosevelt's a man both tried and true
From every honest point of view.
He knows no East, he knows no West,
His country all to him is best.

TWO OF A KIND

A dude and dudess met one day
Along the line of the King's highway.
He smiled at her, she smiled at him,
They smiled and smiled till their eyes were dim.

Said the dude to the dudess, "My pretty
Miss,
I have longed for a meeting just like this,
Where my soul might feast on your loveliness,
Say, won't you come my life to bless?"

Said she to him of the sterner sex,
"A dual life is most complex,
But since you've mentioned the matter now
I'm ready to join you in marriage vow."

The soul of the dude was glad that day,
For the girl of his choice had said her say:
She had promised him that she'd be his wife
And share with him the joys of life.

The happy couple went home that day
And told the people along the way,
The news that made them feel so good—
A smile swept over the neighborhood.

Alas for the dude, alas for the Miss,
The sequel to my song is this;
He hadn't the brains to keep a wife
And she couldn't cook to save her life.

So they worried along from day to day,
He grew quite thin while she grew gray,
They learned that life was something more
Than a smile and a grin, as they thought before.

Now these people twain, who met that day,
Are learning to work instead of play,
But if they live till they grow old
They'll never forget how both were sold.

PATRIOTISM

(Published in 1898)

Can it be that patriotism,
That for which our fathers died,
In this greedy generation
Shall be rudely pushed aside?

Shall our children be taught money,
Money, money, greed for gold,
Shall we sell our blood-bought birthright,
As our bonds and stocks are sold?

Shall our nation born for freedom,
Builded as the freeman's home,
Saved by crimson blood of patriots,
Perish like the ancient Rome?

Shall the stars and stripes, our banner,
Under which those patriots fought,
Lose the power to stir to action
The privilege so dearly bought?

Shall the trusts and combinations
Be allowed to have full sway,
Blighting individual effort
Like a mighty beast of prey?

Shall this modern moneyed Baal
Force this nation to bow down,
Force our seventy million freemen
To submit to such a crown?

Is there not yet left a Daniel,
Who will brave the lion's den,
Throwing open wide his windows,
Pray to save his fellow men?

"Ah" you say "'tis pessimistic,
Evil tidings to forbode,
Bravely stand up for your party,
Keep the middle of the road.

Let the bosses do your thinking,
Follow meekly all their schemes,
They are born to be the rulers,
Fears you have, are idle dreams."

Shame for sentiments so cruel,
Lulling innocents to rest,
While a stealthy, greedy monster,
Coils around the slumbering breast.

Rouse ye patriots from your slumber!
Know the men you place in power,
Let love of country, patriotic,
Be the watchword of the hour.

Vote for neither man nor party
That will yield to mammon's greed,
Men who love their home and country
Are the men the people need.

MOSES AND BOB

Says Moses to Bob,
How are you, my friend,
Our troubles on earth
Are all at an end.

You saw my mistakes
And pointed them out,
You caused the whole world
To wonder or doubt.

But now that our work
On earth has been done,
Our battles been fought,
And our victories won,

We find that we both
Had plenty to learn
Respecting the future
For which people yearn.

The seed we have sown
For evil or good,
We gave to the world
As we understood.

But now that we know
How the infinite mind
Overlooks the mistakes
Of poor feeble mankind,

We both might recall
Many things that we said,
With profit to living
As well as the dead.

Commandments I wrote,
Still the law of the land

You tried to enforce
With a right willing hand.

Said Bob unto Moses,
Your welcome is great,
The words you have spoken
I appreciate.

The mistakes that I made
I would gladly recall
And I now realize
That they were not so small.

But since I am here
I most earnestly pray
That friends who are left
Will accept the right way.

THE FARMER'S GEMS

I am as rich as Vanderbilt and Morgan too, combined,
I have more gems than ever yet have from the earth been mined;
As I walk out at early morn, they sparkle bright and clear,
And though they glisten everywhere, no theft of them I fear.
No safety vault do I possess, to lock them in at night;
Assured am I, that in the morn, they'll be there just as bright.
On cloudy days they are not seen, but then, if it should rain,
I know the sun is sure to shine and they will come again.
My wife and friends enjoy the gems, that sparkle in my fields,
Where health and luxury abound and where rich treasure yields.

My diamonds fertilize the soil and help the grass
to grow;
Unlike those worn around the neck, they're not
alone for show.
But still my gems are just as pure and are as
brilliant, quite,
As those they wear for ornament, that glisten in
the night.
With topaz, rubies, emeralds, my verdant pasture
strewn,
My cattle trample under foot, these gems from
morn till noon.
I envy not the wealth of those who in rich cities
dwell.
My jewels are the dew-drops I love but cannot
sell.

MOTHER

There's no other heart like mother's,
Sharing with us every care,
Bearing with us every burden,
Always with us everywhere.

There's no other eye like mother's,
Watching every act and deed,
Guiding closely all our footsteps,
Seeing quickly every need.

There's no other hand like mother's,
Doing for us all through life
Willingly and with such pleasure,
Tasks that make up daily strife.

There's no other name like "mother,"
Ever reaches human ear;
How we should so fondly cherish
Mother, always near and dear.

Mother's heart is always open
To her children's every cry,

Who is there but loving mother
That for us would even die?

When her eyes are closed forever,
Still we see her in our dreams,
Always kind and sympathetic,
Watching o'er us still it seems.

IRONQUILL

(Lines affectionately inscribed in memory of my friend, Eugene F. Ware, 1911.)

How beautiful the death of those
Who fear not death's cold hand!
Ware was preparing for repose
When came his last command.

"I fear not him nor yet defy,"
This brave old soldier cried;
'He could harm me but will not try'
Ware wrote before he died.

"The soul of justice must be just,"
In confidence he said,
'And trembling not with no distrust,'
He bowed his aging head.

The things he could not comprehend
He did not claim to know,
But humble, faithful to the end,
He was prepared to go.

His pleasant smile and stately tread
We shall no longer see;
His works, however, are not dead
But bless his memory.

MARK TWAIN

(*The following lines were written in 1902 upon seeing a notice in the Washington Times, to the effect that the now lamented Clemens desired to have obituary notices, that had been prepared ready for use in the event of his demise, sent to him for correction and revision.*)

OBITUARY EXTRAORDINARY

St. Peter stands at open gate
To welcome our lamented friend,
Who died about the very date
His life came to a sudden end.

The reason of his sad demise
Will always be a mystery;
We only know he closed his eyes
And passed beyond to history.

The funny sayings he has left,
Encircle all the globe around;
His taking-off leaves us bereft
And we are filled with grief profound.

No more will heaven be a place,
Where sombre scenes pervade the air,
For Mark will see Bill Nye's dear face,
And there will be some fun up there.

These twain will see the funny side
Of everything that is to see,
And cause the angels to divide
Their time with them in revelry.

Then farewell, Mark, your work's well done,
You've scattered sunshine far and near;
We only hope you'll have more fun
In that bright heavenly atmosphere.

A TRANSFORMATION

Edgar Allan Poe added "t" unto his name,
And straightway was admitted to the hall of end-
less fame.

For a Poe became a poet and the envy of his race
Who delight to do him honor and accord him
highest place.

With a brain that worked like lightning when
inspired by liquid fire,
He transferred his thoughts to paper with a
feverish desire.
From the dull croak of the raven to the burning
fires of hell,
He let soar imagination where his mind e'er
chanced to dwell.

His pathetic thoughts when written, brought the
bravest heart to tears,
His foreboding of the future awed the stoutest
soul with fears.
What a mighty transformation did that little letter
"t",
When it caused a prosy writer to produce such
poetry.

SANTA CLAUS

When Santa Claus comes whirling by
On cold and stormy night
And leaves the rich the finest things,
It doesn't seem just right.

'Cause Santa Claus, he ought to know
That poor folks need the most,
The rich can buy things anyway
And care not for the cost.

Now Santa Claus, if I were you
And had so many toys
I'd give the nicest ones I had
To poor girls and poor boys.

A LETTER

(*To Jas. Whitcomb Riley on learning he had suffered
a paralytic stroke*)

Dear Jim, I hear you are ailin',
That you're partly paralyzed;
That somehow your health is failin';
At the news I am surprised.
But we all are growin' older
And with age diseases come,
Yet when this one called to see you
I am sorry you were at home.

Jim, you've caused a lot of laughter
By the things that you have writ,
It's pleasure that we are after
And we don't want to spare you yit,
Cause there isn't no other'n like you
Has showed up to take your place,
And the stroke that came to strike you
Ought to hide its sneakin' face.

Though the frost is on your whiskers,
And the silver on your hair,
You must battle with dame nature
And make her treat you fair,
'Cause we know you have been a fighter.
Now just fight the old disease,
Be assured if you but conquer
Twill a world of people please.

Like yourself, I am a Hoosier,
But I grew up in the west
And I thought it might amuse yer
While not feelin' at your best.
Please accept this hasty letter
From an old admirin' friend
Who is hopin' you are better
And a great ways from the end.

MY MOTHER'S CORN PONE

As I sit in the corner and smoke my old pipe,
My memory reverts to the years that are gone,
In the Fall of the year, when the apples were ripe
And Mother made for us—the first new corn
pone.

As soon as the blades on the corn were turned
brown,
My mother would send us down into the field,
To gather a grist for the old mill in town,
And, oh, such corn pone as that first grist
would yield!

We would first spread the corn in the attic to dry,
Or hang it up there by the husks 'neath the
cone,
And every few days up the ladder we'd fly,
To see if 'twas ready to make a corn pone.

When it was dry and would easily shell,
My mother called out when the chores were all
done,
"Come boys, we must send that corn down to the
mill,
Better shell it to-night if you want a corn pone."

The meal that we got in those good olden days,
Was not ground with rolls, but between two
great stones,

And, although our new mills have improved many ways,
They can't turn out meal that will make such corn pones.

By our great fire-place with a "skillet and lid,"
How brightly the embers all over them shone,
My mouth fairly watered, for mother had hid,
Beneath those hot embers the first new corn pone.

When at last it was ready, all steaming and hot,
And we always had with it spare ribs or back-bone,
There was no other bread that went right to the spot,
And tasted so sweet, as my mother's corn pone.

Corn pone and molasses, and good home-made butter,
With nice juicy spare ribs or a hunk of back-bone,
Methinks 'twould have helped the great feast of Belshazzar,
If he could have had some of Mother's corn pone.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

(Written in Washington, D. C., during G. A. R.
Encampment, 1902.)

Veterans, as we view you marching,
Marching on the Avenue,
Where in Sixty-five we saw you
Passing here in grand review.
Oh, what changes we may witness
In the almost two score years,
Oh, how many thousand hearthstones
Have been bathed in bitter tears.

Then your features, worn and haggard,
From exposure hard and sore,
Yet your step was firm and steady
And the flag you proudly bore;
Then your clothes were worn and tattered
And your feet were almost bare,
You were weary, tired and hungry
From a scanty bill of fare.

Yet the greatest war in history
You had fought and finished well,
Braving every form of danger,
Passing safe through literal hell.
Even then you bore no malice
Toward a stricken conquered foe,
Knowing well that they had suffered
Bitter agony and woe.

Then you marched in perfect order,
Full of hope with nought to dread,
Though there lingered in your bosoms
Sorrow for the absent dead.
Now we view your tottering footsteps
And your ranks are growing thin;
Year by year a larger number
Pass death's unknown gates within.

You have lived to see the grandeur
Of the country you sustained
And to see that those who fought you
Too, are glad that they remained.
You have been important factors
Adding to our country's worth,
From a weak and struggling nation
To the richest on the earth.

Had you failed to do your duty
Bravely, fearlessly and true,
You would not have seen the glory
That has since befallen you.

Hail, old soldiers, you are passing;
But you leave an honored name
That all men of future ages,
Will, with one accord proclaim.

TRUSTS AND COMBINES

What's all this "fuss and feathers" about gigantic trust,
You'd think to read about 'em, this country's goin' to bust,
Why I am not so very old, and I remember well,
A few things on the subjec' I hadn't thought to tell,
But 'fore the men's elected to choke the monsters down,
I thought that I'd come over here and see this mighty town.

We moved 'way out in Kansas in eighteen sixty-three,
From good old Indiany, where I was born you see,
And sure as I'm a livin' it took us then ten days
To make that trip across two states now just a little ways.
Why here I am down in New York and just two days ago,
I dressed myself in Kansas to come and see the show.

The railroad combination, connected up by steel,
Brought me down here a flyin' and never broke a wheel.
The sugar trust's another thing that's not so awful bad,
When I recall the kind we got when I was but a lad,
A pound then cost a quarter and it was black and wet,
And had a nasty sour taste, why I can taste it yet.

And as for coal oil in them days, we never saw the
stuff,
We had old tallow candles and thought them good
enough.
Electric lights! my gracious, man, we never hoped
to see
The night converted into day, nor that such
things could be,
But capital combinin' with the genius of man
Seems now can do most anything that they're
amind to plan.

The men who make these combines and furnish all
the brains
Are entitled to some credit for their labor and
their pains;
And although I am from Kansas, I'm not the one
to balk,
When I see it is my duty to get right up and talk.
In fact we have a fashion of doin' things out west,
And we're ready to applaud the man, who does
his very best.

New York City, 1903.

BABY'S SOLILOQUY

I wonder now whose girl I am
If I'm a girl at all,
For months I've tried to find my name
To answer to a call.

My mamma sometimes calls me pet,
And precious darling, too,
And then a lot of other names
I never could tell you.

My papa calls me his sweetheart,—
He calls mamma the same;
So I think that can scarcely be
My real proper name.

My brother, he's a great big man
With whiskers on his chin,
And tells mamma 'bout his sweetheart
When no one else is in.

I toddle all around the room,
They say, see baby walk,
And when I jabber like the boys,
They say, hear sister talk.

So that's the way, of all the names
I ever, ever heard,
Nobody seems to call me twice
By any single word.

MOTHER IS DEAD

How desolate is home without a mother,
A throne without a queen.

How every move we make from morn till
evening

Reminds of things she's seen.

How oft the sacred name of loving mother
Springs thoughtless on our lips,

How oft the things she saw and handled
We touch with finger tips.

How oft we hear in our imagination
Her gentle voice once more.

How oft would we into her sympathetic ear
Our daily troubles pour.

No hand, no ear, no feet so willing as were
mother's

To serve our every need,

No prayer, no sigh, no tear will bring back
mother,

In vain we seek or plead.

For us there is but one lone consolation,

Let this our motto be,

When this life's fitful storm is over, mother,
We then may fly to thee.

THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER

As you whirl along in the dead of night
By the mighty power of steam,
With scarcely a thought of danger or fright,—
Perhaps you may sleep and dream,—

Does it ever occur to you, your life
Is held by a single thread,
Both ends of which and the keenest knife,
Are clasped by the man ahead?

As you roll through canyons dark and deep,
Over bridges and dangerous curves,
Do you ever think you are in the keep
Of a man with iron nerves?

Do you ever think that a moment's rest
By him might end your days
And dash your train from the mountain crest
On the rocks below to blaze?

Do you ever think of the skill he needs,
The man at the throttle bar,
To guide a train as it onward speeds
At fifty miles an hour?

As you tip the man, who shines your shoes
In the palace at the rear,
Do you ever think that a debt you owe
To the railroad engineer?

Did you ever think that a kindly smile,
Or a bow to the engineer
At the close of a ride of a thousand miles
Might add to his cup of cheer?

Did you ever think that a dollar or two
Tossed out to the engineer
Might strengthen his nerves, perchance save you
When death to you was near?

THE KANSAS IDEA

There's nothing the matter with Kansas
She's "up and a coming," that's all,
She's setting the pace for the nation,
There's nothing about her that's small.

She took a dislike to Joe Cannon,
No, not Uncle Joe as a man,
But just to the way he was doing,
And voted against his old plan.

She found Uncle Joe carried muzzles,
To keep representatives still,
Then said to the fellows who wore them,
"You've taken too bitter a pill."

"We'll keep you at home for a season
Till you can develop backbone,
The fellows who represent Kansas
Must know how to stand up alone."

"There's Madison, Murdock and Bristow,
They're onto the Kansas idea,
So just keep an eye on Progressives
Who are making the stand-patters flee."

No, there's nothing the matter with Kansas,
Her crops and her people are great,
And the Rhode Island Senator Aldrich
Will never to Kansas dictate.

November, 1910.

THE POET'S DREAM

I wonder whence the muses come
That visit us in dreams,
Suggesting many pretty thoughts
On new and pretty themes.

And then I wonder where they go,
When daylight hides the stars,
Perhaps they're midnight visitors
From Jupiter or Mars.

Perhaps that they are not allowed
To stay away all night,
And cannot come to show themselves
When it is broad daylight.

The stars that glisten in the sky,
Like gems so bright and pure,
Would make for poetry and song
A lovely home I'm sure.

STAND PAT

When Nature smiles her sweetest,
In the early months of spring,
When the trees are all in blossom,
And there's joy in every thing,

Man's ambition soars the highest
To the realms where he can dwell,
On the summit of the mountain
Far above the shady dell.

When the seasons are propitious
And the crops are growing fine,
Man continues his ambitions,
Feasting on his corn and wine.

But when skies are clear and brazen
And the winds are dry and hot,
When the wheat fields droop and wither,
For the rain that cometh not,

It is then man's courage faileth,
And like withered fields and brown,

His ambition seems to falter,
And to earth comes tumbling down.

Better stay up in the mountain,
Where the air is pure and cool,
Let not whims of wind and weather
Come within your heart to rule.

For each season in succession
Has its own peculiar style,
And the cycles of the seasons
Will bring comfort after awhile.

HOG KILLIN' TIME

Well wife, it's gittin' closer all the time to holidays
And I cannot keep from thinkin' of the good old-
fashioned ways,
When we used to spend the winter choppin' wood
and haulin' logs,
And how just before Christmas we'd all meet and
kill the hogs.

We'd invite a lot of neighbors, just the ones we
liked best,
And then make due apologies, of course, to all the
rest,
And we'd have a regular frolic 'round a fire built
of logs,
In the fall when we got ready to kill the fattenin'
hogs.

When the hogs were killed and scalded and hung
up in a row,
With the skin and fat a-glistening in the sunshine
white as snow,
Mother called us in to dinner, to a table loaded
down
With hot cabbage and potatoes and the sweet
bread good and brown.

After dinner all the men would gather out in
father's barn,
Where we listened to 'em spinnin' many a good
old settler's yarn,
While the women were a workin' 'round a kettle
in the yard
Fryin' out the greasy craklin's and a renderin' out
the lard.

But wife, those days are ended, even farmers buy
their meat,
And it somehow seems to me, it isn't half so sweet
As the meat we used to put up in a smokehouse
built of logs,
Every year before the Christmas, when we used
to kill our hogs.

When we used to do our killin' in the good old-
fashioned way,
There was lots of things about 'em that we used to
throw away,
But the packin' houses now have got the thing
down so genteel,
That they're savin' everything about the hog
except the squeal.

They say the packin' houses keep their places
nice and clean,
And their bacon has the reg'ler streak of fat and
streak of lean,
But as Christmas time approaches, it my memory
somehow jogs.
Of the happy days of childhood, when we killed
our fattenin' hogs.

A TALE OF THE HORSE

"Backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight"
And give me my long tail in which I delight.

The flies drive me frantic with bite and with sting,
And yet I am helpless, I can't do a thing.

My beautiful tail that hung down to my hock,
Stands up like a flag, but they call it a "dock;"
I would that my owner might know how I feel,
He would haste this new order of things to repeal.

My long flowing tail was my treasure and pride,
And I had daily use for it also beside;
But alas it is gone, I can grow it no more
For they cut off the bone and it makes me feel sore.

If wishing could make them as bald as the moon,
The men who docked me would be bald-headed
soon,
I would take from their heads every hair white or
black,
And not let another one ever grow back.

Then I'd tie down their hands and would turn
loose the flies,
And sit back and laugh at their wails and their
cries.
My comrades and friends, it's an outrageous trick,
And I know you will join me in making this kick.

JULIA DENT GRANT

(Written on the day of her death in Washington,
D. C.)

In the presence of death will a nation pay homage
To one who now lies in his cruel embrace,
And the charms of her life will we cherish forever,
As we fondly recall the sweet smile on her face.

From the home of the humble she grew to distinction,

As wife of the General we all now revere;
How fondly she loved him in all his great struggles,
How ready she was to both comfort and cheer.

When he held in his hand, in the war of rebellion,
The fate of our Nation he guided so well,
She stood by his side as a strong inspiration
To maintain the Union in which we might dwell.

And when he was called to the higher position
To stand at the helm of the great ship of state,
She presided, a queen, over millions of people
Who proudly recall Grant's achievements so great.

In the tomb by the side of her honored companion,
Loving hands will consign to its last resting place,
The form of the kind hearted mother and loved one,
Whose life of devotion time cannot efface.

MY CASTLE

Build me a castle, but not out of air,
For such are too common—exist everywhere—
But build it of mortar and stone in the rough,
In a bold rugged place on a beautiful bluff,
Where the vision looks out over valley and plain
And a river winds inward and outward again;
Where its broad curving line like a ribbon extends
To its home where at last with the ocean it blends;
Where the air is as pure as the ether above.
It is here I would live in the world that I love.

Among grottos and dells and surrounded by trees
That sway to and fro in the soft sighing breeze,
With a carpet of green covered over with flowers,
It is here I would dwell in my own shady bowers,

Looking down on the world with its groveling greed,
What more should I want or what more would I
need,

For this would be heaven on earth, it would seem,
Forecasting the future of which we but dream;
Then build me a castle of mortar and stone,
On an acre or two, for my own, very own,
No, not for my own, but for others to share,
For life without love is but burden and care.

KENTUCKY

*Lines suggested by a casual acquaintance with two
young ladies on a train between Memphis and
Louisville.*

I have read of the fame of Kentucky,
Her blue-grass, her horses and belles,
Her mountains, her caves and her forests,
Her beautiful streams and her dells.

I have read of the fame of her statesmen,
Her soldiers so brave and so true,
The wealth of her mineral treasure,
Her flowers of delicate hue.

But not till I saw the fair landscape,
And traversed the valleys and hills,
And heard the sweet notes of her songsters,
The music of babbling rills;

Not till I was in the fair borders
Enclosing her resources great,
Did I realize fully the bounties
Of this beautiful, flourishing state.

“Treat kindly the stranger,” is written,
Advice that more people should heed,
But, too scarce are the angels we meet with,
Is a fact on which all are agreed.

If the ladies I met are a sample
Of the beautiful Kentucky belle,
No wonder their fame is far reaching,
Their graces, the story will tell.

A stranger, they treated me kindly
And helped weary hours to pass,
As on a swift journey we hurried
Across the fields covered with grass.

Their kindness, I'll always remember,
Their beauty of figure and face,
A chance to again meet such ladies
I would certainly love to embrace.

Their husbands, I'm certain will pardon
The compliment I would bestow,
For their charming young wives are a
treasure,
A fact which they already know.

O fortunate men of Kentucky,
Your state is not noted for pearls,
But these beautiful gems of the ocean
Compare not at all with your girls,

Whose modesty, virtue and kindness
Beaming up is a pleasure to see,
Like the flowers in springtime adorning
A beautiful, blossoming tree.

DECORATION DAY

Strew each grave with lovely flowers,
Spread with garlands every one,
Call to mind the pleasant hours
Spent with them e'er life was done.

All have had their fields of battle
Though no carnage have they seen

All of life is full of struggle,
Till we sleep beneath the green.

Homage to the man and soldier,
Who has fought for friends and home,
Fills the great heart of the nation,—
And to him is homage shown.

But all others have won laurels,
Who have trod the path of life,
Mingled with its hopes and sorrows,
With its pleasures and its strife.

On this day, then, strew your garlands
On the graves of all who sleep,
And the lives of friends departed
In your memories sweetly keep.

Nor should we forget the living,
Whom we know have trials sore,
Flowers spread along their pathway
Guide them to the golden shore.

NOVEMBER

November, you're the kindest month
Perhaps in all the year:
Because you gently lead us up
To winter, cold and drear.

You seldom bring the coldest storms,
But hazy atmosphere,
Reminding us of fire we'll need
For winter, cold and drear.

You take from us the flowers and birds
That we have held so dear,
But they could not withstand, we know,
The winter, cold and drear.

And so, 'tis better they depart
Than that they should stay here
To battle with the storms that rage
In winter, cold and drear.

That they will not return again
In spring, we do not fear;
They simply hide a little while
From winter, cold and drear.

Then welcome, Indian Summer month,
To us, you make it clear
That we will soon be visited
By winter, cold and drear.

TO A CHRYSANTHEMUM

JULY

Why, you homely growing weed,
What do you here among my flowers?
You neither bloom nor promise seed,
But idle all your summer hours.

SEPTEMBER

What! still you grow without a sign,
While winter cold is almost here,
Do you the blast of winter deign
To meet and brave with naught to fear?

NOVEMBER

Oh glorious bloomer, you have seen
All other lovely flowers that grew,
And how determined you have been
To strew their graves with brilliant hue?

For chiding you, I was to blame;
You followed nature's wise behest,

And by your brilliant face proclaim
That nature's plan is always best.

Throughout the cold and stormy day,
When timid flowers fade in fear,
Your petals with the breezes play,
Nor heed that chilling blasts are near.

THE "FIRST FAMILY"

What is home without a mother?
Why, there is no such a place,
Never has been since old Adam
First began the human race.

But with Eve and Cain and Abel,
Adam had a home it's true,
Soon they had a family quarrel,
Though 'twas not the thing to do.

Cain, like Indiana farmers,
Tried to live by growing grain;
Abel beat him making money
And thus raised the ire of Cain.

Abel's cattle tore down fences,
Ate his brother's growing crop,
Then said Cain unto his brother,
Sir, this thing has got to stop.

Abel was a little saucy,
Cain got mad and tore around,
And before the brothers parted,
Abel's blood was on the ground.

Eve and Adam had a picnic,
All the apples they could eat,
Didn't wear a stitch of clothing,
Still he thought her mighty sweet.

Owner of the orchard told them,
 "Let this apple tree alone,"
'Twas the fruit of good and evil,
 Eve concluded she'd try one.

When Eve tasted of the apple,
 Though she knew it was not right,
She went straight and found her husband:
 "Here," said she, "just take a bite."

Knowing he could blame the woman,
 Just as men have always done,
Adam took a bite of apple,
 Then both of 'em had to run.

ANXIETY

I've studied everything in life,
Its joys, its hopes, its care, its strife;
I've watched the prattling infant grow,
When aught of care it did not know;
I've seen the romping, careless boy,
When naught it seemed could him annoy,
I've seen him at the buoyant age,
When all the world was his own stage,
When father, mother, he forsook,
The things he knew would make a book,
And then I've watched him sober down
And learn what gives to man renown;
I've seen him in young manhood's strife,
The picture of strong rugged life,
When nothing was for him too much,
To conquer was for him to touch;
I've seen him when at middle age,
He took life's lessons page by page,
And sought in retrospective view
The strength of youth to still renew;
But of all sad things I have seen,
While on the stage of life I've been,

The saddest thing, it seems to me,
Is in old age, anxiety.
A dread, a doubt, a hope, a fear,
A living in strange atmosphere,
A longing for the by-gone days,
A longing for the good old ways,
Regretting that time goes so fast,
That youthful manhood could not last.
Why will this truth man never learn,
For by-gone things we should not yearn.

TO COL. JOHN A. JOYCE

Colonel Joyce was a noted author, poet and politician. He spent the last years of his eventful career in Washington, D. C., where his long, snowy locks made him a conspicuous figure.

Sage, philosopher and poet,
I am reading with delight
From the pages you have written,
Seems you know just how to write.

Mingled mirth and wit and pathos,
Sparkling gems on every leaf,
Thoughts resplendent with their beauty,
Glittering hope and line of grief.

Life to you is mingled pleasure,
One can read between the lines,
You have chosen from life's treasure
Princip'lly the choicest wines.

Though your head is whitened over
With the locks of ripened years,
Nought is there in life's long future
That should fill your mind with fears.

You have scattered by the wayside

Rays of sunshine bright and warm,
Which reflected on your pathway
Will but shield you from the storm.

You have gathered from the flowers
Sweetest nectar by the way.
May you live now on the honey
You have garnered day by day.

Washington, D. C., 1902.

THE PALMETTO STATE

Oh, fortunate land of the sunny south,
'Mong the hill-tops covered with pine,
Your beauty out-rivals by far the scenes,
On the banks of the famous Rhine.

Your beautiful streams flowing down to the sea,
Over gravelly beds so clean,
Wind in and out through the fields of wheat,
With their verdure rich and green.

What a pity that water so sparkling pure,
Has been stained by human gore;
But let us forget those painful days,
That have passed forever more.

Let the willing hands of the north and south,
Be clasped in a firm resolve,
To restore every long neglected waste,
As the wheels of time revolve.

Building up new homes in the happy land,
Where the sweet magnolia grows,
Where the holly thrives in its native state,
And the lovely scented rose.

Then forward, march, in the battle of life,
With courage true and bold,

Till with every comfort your homes are filled,
As they were in the days of old.
Bennettsville, S. C., 1903.

THE MINER'S LAMENT

Way back in the summer of '56,
I crossed the plains with shovel and picks,
In search of the gold around Pike's Peak,
But I failed to stop at Cripple Creek.

I washed the sands of the Arkansaw
And scanned the boulders of Cheyenne "draw,"
I feasted on bear and deer so sleek,
But I failed to stop at Cripple Creek.

I climbed the summit of Cameron's Cone,
Through canyons where sun had never shone,
And though I was hungry, tired and weak,
I failed to rest at Cripple Creek.

When I reached the summit of old Hog Back,
I gave my mule such a terrible whack
That he went down hill like a lightning streak,
And he failed to stop at Cripple Creek.

Since then I've wandered o'er mountain bold,
Still searching for that glittering gold,
My limbs are worn, my body weak,
Why didn't I stop at Cripple Creek?

'Tis forty years since I came to seek,
The gold that's hidden around Pike's Peak,
Since I made of myself an awful freak
By failing to stop at Cripple Creek.

I might have been a "Stratton" now,
With a golden wreath upon my brow
But instead, for a drink, I must "run my cheek,"
'Cause I didn't stop at Cripple Creek.

Alas for the words "It might have been,"
The saddest they say of tongue or pen,
But the saddest words that I can speak,
Are, "I didn't stop at Cripple Creek."

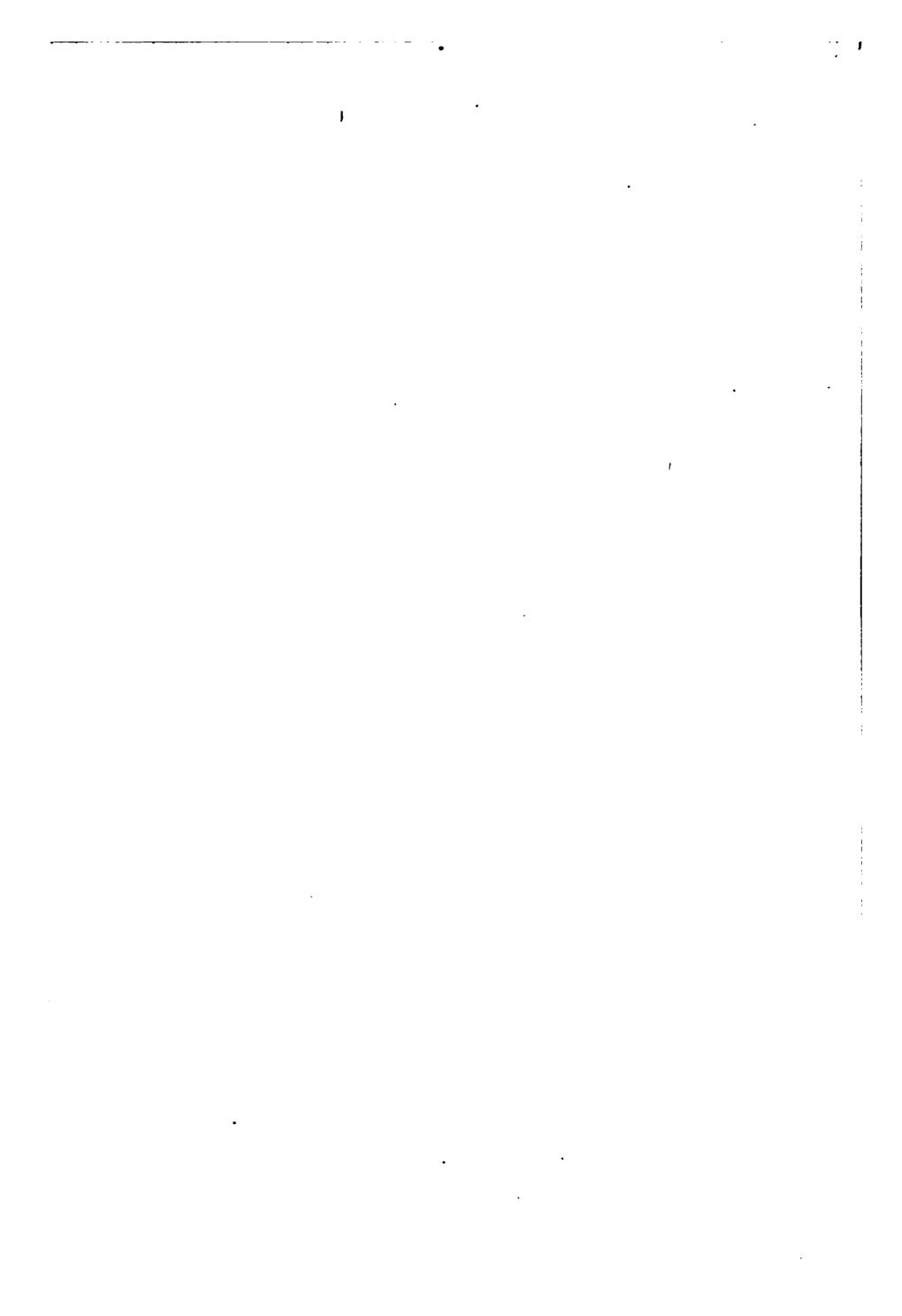
IMMORTALITY

I would not wish to have my name
Emblazoned in the "Hall of Fame;"
My memory I do not care
To have preserved in statues rare;
Let me but live in children's hearts,
Where all inherent goodness starts;
Let them all kindly think of me,
This would be immortality.









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